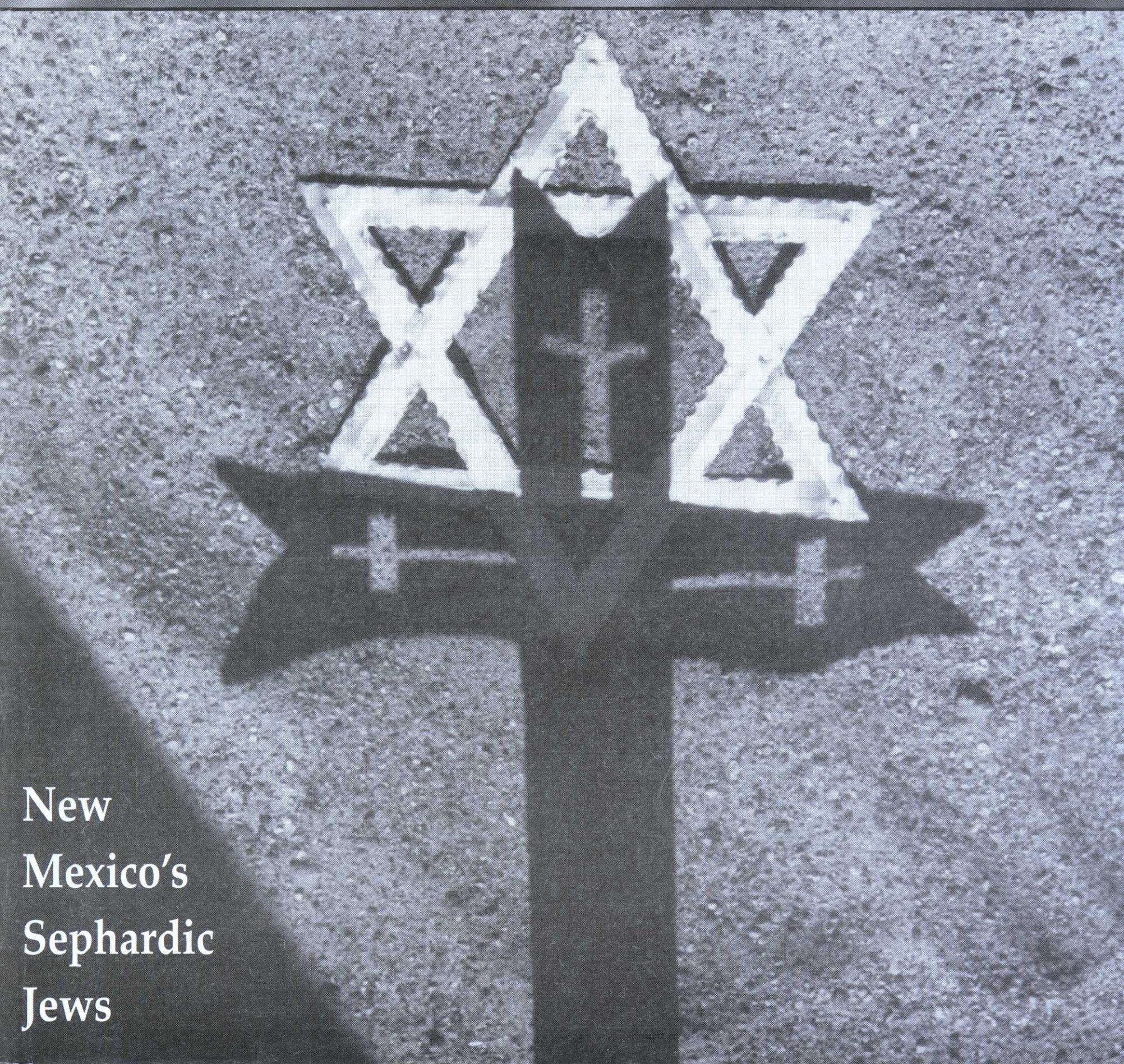


LA HERENCIA DEL NORTE™

OUR PAST, OUR PRESENT, OUR FUTURE

VOLUME XII
WINTER 1996



New
Mexico's
Sephardic
Jews

LA HERENCIA DEL NORTE™

OUR PAST, OUR PRESENT, OUR FUTURE

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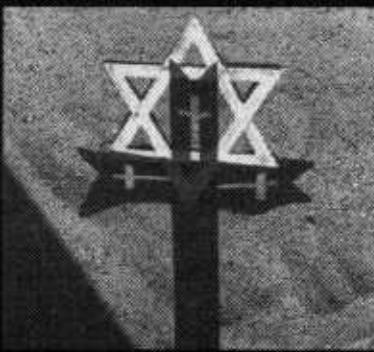


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LA HERENCIA DEL NORTE

OUR PAST, OUR PRESENT, OUR FUTURE

THE MAGAZINE FOR THE HISPANIC COMMUNITY OF NEW MEXICO

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FROM THE PUBLISHER



They say a picture is worth a thousand words, but there aren't enough words to convey the emotions that old photographs of the departed bring to the surface. As people allow me in their living rooms and into their lives to look at their family photo collections, I start to piece together their stories. As I sit with the person who's been left behind, the one who's involuntarily been given the task of family historian, I listen, and the *bultos* come alive.

Like the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle, the people in each and every photo are unique. They reveal a portion of their inner selves through a quirky smile, a look of displeasure, amazement or a devilish grin. All of these people, in some way, give an indication of who they were while on this Earth. Some people in the photos are more haunting than others. It's as if their true character somehow speaks to you, their photos leaving a lasting impression.

There's the photo of the favorite uncle from *el norte*, the affectionate, yet stern father, the elaborate wedding, or the time you and your

cousins got in trouble for some childhood prank. Through photographs, these events come alive again. Then comes the realization that so many family members, the customs and traditions that were so much a part of life, have faded away, just like the contrast in the old photos.

As the story continues to unfold, so does the intonation in the voice of the storyteller. There's the glee of happier times, excitement about a special event now long gone and, mostly, for the keepers of these memories, there's the holding back of tears. The images in the photos may crumble with time, but the emotions you have for these people never do. It's not easy looking at photos of loved ones who have died. Although we cherish our memories, bringing up the past can be painful. These bittersweet moments remind us of how life used to be, how things have changed, how we ourselves have grown older, how we've been left behind. When we look at old photos we're confronted with the reality of not only our own beginnings but sadly, our inevitable end.

But as painful as it is at times, most of us like to look at old family photographs. It somehow gives us strength. It reminds us of where we came from, it gives us a sense of *orgullo*. We don't know what today will bring, and none of us have any guarantees about tomorrow. But knowing our past, who we are, where we came from, provides us with the road map to go on. And, fortunately for us, although our memories may falter, the camera is there to preserve our history and keep it alive.

El Grito

SEMINARY ALUMNUS GRATEFUL

I can't tell you how pleased I was to receive a copy of *La Herencia Del Norte* from my sister in Las Vegas. She wanted to share the fall article with me regarding the Immaculate Heart Seminary golden anniversary (which I will attend as an alumnus, incidentally).

But my greater pleasure was knowing about the publication's existence and contents. I read it cover to cover and it was like inviting a group of *Nuevomexicanos* into my living room for an enjoyable conversation about our inheritance and recollections. I especially enjoyed Casimira Delgado's articles because she remembers a Las Vegas that is indelible in my memory. *J Si, Casimira, me acuerdo de todas las cosas que tú dices!*

... *J Gracias a todos!*

Lorenzo A. Esquibel
Mountain View, Calif.

VARGAS PROJECT A RESEARCH TOOL

The articles on genealogy for New Mexican Hispanos in the Fall 1996 issue of *La Herencia del Norte* were very enjoyable and informative. I would like to add to your list of publications for family research the volumes of the Vargas Project. The multi-volume series has a great deal of information on New Mexico's Hispanic first citizens, including muster-rolls, comments on individuals participation in many of Gov. Diego de Vargas's endeavors, all culled from primary sources, as well as a multitude of footnotes on many families.

The first three books of the six-volume set are already available, while the fourth volume is presently at the University of New Mexico Press. This book will have a great deal of information on the Zacatecas colonists, and much more. Again, thank you for the articles.

Robert D. Martinez
Research Assistant
The Vargas Project
Albuquerque, N. M.

REYNALDA DINKEL AN INSPIRATION

I was visiting my family in New Mexico when I came upon *La Herencia del Norte* Fall 1996 issue and your article "Words of Youth."

This short note is to tell you how much I enjoyed it and to let you know the influence teachers such as you have on our life choices.

For the past six years I have taught in a bilingual classroom with limited English students in Los Angeles. You know the challenges and rewards of this experience. We have the diversity of the Hispanics universe here and its rich cultural heritage.

Thank you for your continuing service to the community.

Esther Valdés Hall
Los Angeles, CA

MORE ON "SPANISH FANTASY"

I have just read all 10 of your issues. Let me add to your many accolades for having produced such a worthwhile magazine. As a student of New Mexican and Southwest history, it was a delightful experience to have gotten closer to *Nuevomexicano* culture.

As a Mexican-American, I became especially interested in the polemics inspired by Professor Maurilio Vigil's article, "New Mexico's Spanish Fantasy" (*La Herencia Del Norte*, Fall 1994). I would like to add some rather belated comments on the same.

First of all, no one made mention of the sociological framework within which the Spanish-American nomenclature developed. Most of the books I've read on the subject—I have about 100—state that some of the New Mexican Spanish-speaking population began to call themselves Spanish Americans some time after World War I. What no one mentioned in the article or the responses to it in "El Grito" was the fact that this term had a distinct sociological function, at a time when immigration from revolution-torn Mexico reached a new high. During this approximate time frame, there was a new influx of Texans, many of them with strong anti-Mexican prejudices. According to my sources, the native New Mexican Hispano, was often mistaken for his Mexican immigrant cousin, and understandably took offense. He in effect, told the Anglos, "You don't like the Mexicans, and we don't like them either." He next added to this comment, "We're not Mexicans, we're Spanish-Americans."

Thus Spanish-American has been used as a sociological mechanism to counter the endemic racism of this country. The formula is quite simple: Spaniards are Europeans, Europeans are white, therefore, we are white Americans, just as are German-Americans, Irish-Americans, Italian-Americans, etc . . .

I am anxiously waiting for your next issue.
Robert Orona, Jr.
Pico Rivera, Calif.

INDISPENSIBLE READING

Let me tell you that I really enjoy *La Herencia Del Norte*. I have always been a promoter of bilingual education and Hispanic language and culture and know that every issue of *La Herencia* is indispensable for everyone interested in our Hispanic heritage.

Oclides Tenorio
Arroyo Seco, N. M.

ORTIZ TRIO ALSO TV PIONEERS

You are doing a great job. I read the articles in *La Herencia*, and they are very educational. The information you bring to our youth is very important.

But I must bring to your attention, that on the pioneers of TV, you robbed the people of a very important part of our history. In the days when our people in New Mexico were forgetting our language, along came The Ortiz Trio with the first Spanish TV show, which was on KOAT. They were contacted by A.R. Hebenstreit and moved the show to KGGM. They hosted their own show for quite a few years and also did the baseball games in Spanish.

Carmen Guzmán Ortiz
Albuquerque, N. M.

A FAMILY AFFAIR

I saw a copy of your wonderful publication at my mother in-law's house. She shares it with all her children (12) and their families. I would really like to subscribe if possible.

Joan Artiaga Sánchez
Belen, N. M.

I am writing to thank you for your wonderful publication. I really enjoyed reading about all the old customs my grandmother used to tell me about. Now I can share them with all my children.

I am from Espanola, New Mexico, and I really enjoy all the pictures and the stories you print. My cousin, Benito Cerdova, gave me my first copy of *La Herencia*, and I look forward to the next publication.

Lucille M. Torres
Espanola, N. M.

DELIGHTED IN DENVER

I recently attended the U.S. Hispanic Chamber of Commerce Conference in Denver, Colo. During my attendance at this conference I picked up a complimentary copy of your publication, Volume XI, Fall 1996. I was very impressed with the quality and content of your magazine. As a result I immediately completed the subscription form and sent you a check for my subscription.

Looking forward to receiving your next issue.

Roger Molinar
Lakewood, Colo.

HOGAR DULCE HOGAR

Your magazine is greatly appreciated. I share my issues with my students, who find your articles interesting, amusing. *Gracias.*

Diane Kalata
Ann Arbor, Mich.

I was at the Kenneth Schlientz Library in Tucumcari and the librarians enthusiastically showed me one of your magazines.

La Herencia Del Norte's story content is fabulous. These stories certainly hit close to home, and you are helping to preserve history that needs to be recorded.

Bobby S. Rivera
Tucumcari, N. M.

It's my pleasure to renew my subscription to *La Herencia*. What a great magazine! Thank you for it.

Gloria F. Herrera
Chicago, Ill.

A copy of *La Herencia* was given to me this summer by my sister-in-law while visiting her in Wagon Mound, N.M. It brought back memories of the 62 years my wife and I lived in northern New Mexico, 40 years in Wagon Mound and 23 years in Las Vegas. Right then I decided that I wanted to keep getting and enjoying your seasonal magazine.

Juan Juarros
Colorado Springs, Colo.

I was introduced to *La Herencia* by my parish priest, who made a copy of one of your issues available to my parish community. The poignant stories and remembrances contained within your magazine parallel my own life. Thank you for dedicating a periodical devoted to the great history of our people and providing a medium to transfix these stories, events and opinions. Your publication is invaluable for the next generation to gain enlightenment about their roots.

Cora Chávez
Stanley, N. M.

Absence does indeed make the heart grow fonder and prouder.

When I lived overseas, I ravenously absorbed any news of the U.S.A. After four years, I was ready to come back — any state

would do as long as I could come "home." So I moved to California, and now I can't get enough information about New Mexico and my culture—any county, any city, anyone—I just hunger to know more.

What wonderful "morsels" appear in *La Herencia*. Thanks to all of you who share your stories, and to my mother, who finally and belatedly shared her copy of Volume VII.

Marcella Larragoite Grentzer
Camarillo, Calif.

I'm happy to renew my subscription to *La Herencia*. It keeps me in touch with my *tierra*, although I was born and raised in California. My mother was born in Delia, N. M. and raised in Las Vegas. My mom's name is Beatrice Baca Esquibel. My grandparents are Abel and Abelina Baca Esquibel. My mom always told us about our culture, history and life in New Mexico. It makes me and my children very proud.

Beverly J. Cisneros
Stockton, Calif.

La Herencia is a beautiful magazine that encourages all of us to be proud of our heritage. You are doing a great job.

Maria de la Luz Moreno
Sierra Vista, Ariz.

I enjoy your publication very much. I'd like you to send it to two very dear friends of mine. I believe they will also read it from cover to cover. We really appreciate all the research, energy and love that goes into your fine publication.

Nena García Creasy
Somes Bar, Calif.

My husband brought the Fall 1996 edition of your wonderful magazine from the Lovelace Medical Clinic.

We read through it and enjoyed it immensely. We are both natives from northern New Mexico.

Vicente and Barbara Martínez
Los Lunas, N. M.

Con mucho interés he leído su publicación del Vol. VIII (Winter 1995). Me deleite sobre todo la presentación de las primeras épocas de las migraciones hispánicas a Nuevo México, de México y también de la misma España.

Este esfuerzo de todos ustedes de hacer renacer las costumbres y tradiciones religiosas y cívicas en estos Estados Americanos, traídas de la madre tierra centurias hace, es verdaderamente admirable. Y entre tantos otros admiradores no quiere yo quedar atrás. Felicitaciones.

En su sección de "El Grito," particular atención di a la nota enviada a ustedes por Don Edmundo Bernal de Albuquerque, N. M., describiendo vínculos de parentesco con emigrante de los 1500s de Costilla, España. Y por este la razón de la actual Costilla, N.M. Supuestamente y por las mismas razones parte de una familia ESCOLAN emigre en 1770-75 desde Zaragoza, España a El Salvador. Y así debe haber sucedido en otras ocasiones y con otras familias. El hace referencia al Fall 1995 issue, que me agradaría recibir, haciendo un llamado a sus bondades. *Gracias.*

Armando Parker Escolán
San Francisco, Calif.

Editor's Note: The photograph that accompanied the article titled "*La Pachuquilla*" (Summer 1996 issue) depicted an era in New Mexico history, and the editorial content was not necessarily directed at the people in the photo.



St. Teresa de Avila.

In the "Lady in Blue" article, Fall 1996 issue, we inadvertently ran a photograph of St. Therese of Lisieux, instead of St. Teresa de Avila.

NEW MEXICO'S SEPHARDIM: *Uncovering Jewish Roots*

by Emma Moya

In the spring of 1995, I was invited to meet with an Albuquerque group of Hispanic-Sephardic researchers. A member of the group had read an article that I wrote in the Summer 1995 issue of *La Herencia* about Sefardo wedding wreaths. This encounter led to something completely unexpected.

At the meeting, Keith Chávez, a young father, spoke of his son, Aaron Chávez, who had recently attended a community bar mitzvah. Other Hispanic youths had made their bars mitzvah and bat mitzvah, and were enrolled in confirmation classes. A scholarly woman, Loggie Carrasco, caught our attention. Loggie had traced her Sephardic roots from Spain to Mexico, then on to Nuevo México. At a second meeting the group met to review symbols and coats-of-arms. Loggie brought one of several pedigree sheets of her Carrasco-Sanches lineage. I happened to glance at the sheet, and I turned and asked Loggie, "What are my ancestors' names doing on your family tree?"

Loggie quietly listened in disbelief. There was a strange silence in the room. We stared at each other, and wondered what element had brought us together to discover a common ancestry. We both were descendants of Felipe Sánchez and María Ynés García de Jurado, from the first Atrisco families. Felipe and María are our great-great-great-grandparents. Loggie and I found our relationship through the Sánchez' on her mother's side.

One of Loggie's paternal ancestors, Manuel Carrasco, was tried in the Mexican Inquisition. Manuel, in 1646, was asked by inquisitors why he carried unleavened bread under his hat. Manuel replied, "Un judío, me dijo que el pan me iba quitar el dolor en mi cabeza." ("A Jew told me the bread would alleviate my headache.") This response came in April 1646 on the Feast of Passover. Manuel was arrested and jailed. In prison, Manuel prayed with his rosary beads. A guard noticed a missing crucifix and reported it to his superior. Manuel was interrogated about the missing crucifix. He said he had used the crucifix to make a necklace for his wife. Manuel insisted he had not desecrated the sacramental. Manuel's wife was called and she confirmed his story, explaining that she had descended from a *valladolid converso* family. It was safe for Sephardim to claim conversion to Catholicism (Iberian-Sephardim). Manuel was released and left with his family to New Spain (New Mexico).

Manuel arrived in New Spain with the



La Santísima Trinidad, New World Hispanic art, was banned in the 1500s by the Roman Catholic Church. In the center of the box is the Ark of the Covenant. Illustration by Luis Moya.

Caravajal, Luna and Gomes families. The Caravajals later received a tract of land from the Alcalde de Albuquerque in 1707. The Lunas settled in Los Lunas after arriving in New Spain in 1621. A descendant of Juan Gomes de Luna, Solomón Luna, owned a large parcel of land in Los Lunas. Solomón's daughter, Paula, married Narciso Carrasco, who had left Mexico and returned during territorial days.

A large Torah was found hidden in Solomón's property. The Torah was said to have been given to a rabbi who kept it in *una geniza* (repository) in a synagogue. The Luna Mansion still stands in Los Lunas and holds Solomón's family name.

There is further documentation of the Sephardic influence in northern New Mexico. The late Franciscan historian, Fray Angélico Chávez, once found an old priestly garment, called a chasuble. The garment had Jewish symbols inscribed

on it. Chávez said the symbols denoted the one God of Moses and Abraham. The chasuble was found inside a room of St. Francis Cathedral in Santa Fe. Juan Andrés Serapio Moia, our great-great-grandfather, was baptized in this historic church, by a Franciscan priest, Fray José Pedro Rubín de Cellis. Fray José was brother of the *alcalde de Albuquerque*, Manuel Rubín de Cellis, who sold 133 *varas* of Old Town land to Juan Moia in 1835. The Rubín name was of Sephardic origin. The name was later shortened to Rubí. The tailoring of the Jewish symbols on the chasuble has been attributed to the Rubins.

In 1927, F.R. Weber, a writer, described and explained Jewish symbols near the entrance of the Cathedral. A Star of David and Hebrew inscriptions adorned the entrance. A member of the Jewish community in the 1800s, Abraham Staab donated a large sum of money to help with the construction project of the Cathedral. According to Staab's grandson, Dr. Ed Staab, Archbishop Jean Baptiste Lamy had requested the funds. Staab obliged, and confirming his generosity, he destroyed the promissory note given him by Lamy as security. Staab told Lamy to accept the loan as a donation.

SEPHARDIC WORDS AND PHRASES

In the Ashkenazi world, the universal Judeo language is Yiddish, derived from German. There also exists, or existed, Romance Judeo languages, parallel to Medieval French, Italian and Provencal. Jews in Maghreb spoke a special variety of Arabic. Judeo-Spanish is the language of the Sephardim, called Ladino. Ladino is a *calque* language of Hebrew, used to put Hebrew liturgical texts into Spanish words. Language can continue to remain

young, free of contamination. New Mexican Hispanics are said to speak a medieval Spanish. Other Sephardic documentation cites the basis of the dialect as Castilian-Andalusian. Included are other specifics of non-Castilian Hispanic element — Catalonian, Aragonese, Leonese and Portuguese.

The name Sephardad appears in the prophecy of Obadiah as one of the places where exiled Jerusalem Jews lived. Spanish Jews called



Emma Moya is a poet, historian, writer and musician residing in Los Duranes, Albuquerque.

themselves Sephardim, a name they subsequently used in the *diaspora* following expulsion from Spain. The name Seferino was also the code name for the Ladino prayers hidden under the sleeves of a Sephardo's shirt. The name Feliciano was a code for *Feliz Año Nuevo*, Happy Rosh Hoshannah!

HERE ARE OTHER LADINO WORDS:

Emiterio from the Hebrew *emet* (truth).

Converso (*el convertido*), or Jew, in another light. He, the messianic Jew, follows the Nazarean Jew, Jesus, Son of David, Ben-David. Those who embraced *conversismo* became Ben-David-Benavidez.

The fires of the Inquisition: Left dust and burning ashes, to be blown away, unto the God of all. (*Al poner el sol, son las vísperas del viernes y Sabadito.*)

Somas Israelitas!

Pinos: pines

Troncoso: trunk

Ramírez: foliage

Ramon: branch

El árbol de la vida: Our names reflect "The Tree of Life."

He who upholds Torah, upholds the Law. My name is Leyva, I keep the Law.

My name is Rodarte, I wander around. My first name is Tráncito, I am a wandering transient.

My name is Lucero, I light the *candelarias del Sabadito* (Sabat).

Mardukeo, hacuez Velas? Acquez Velas? Velásquez.

Our names are, Paz, Tranquilino and Pacheco. Our names mean peace. We have survived the great *Inquisición* and have found peace in our name. Shalom!

Mi nombre es Jaime, que quiere decir vida. (From Hebrew – chaim: life)

Mi nombre es Vidal, también es vida.

Mi nombre es Alonzo. It means oak.

Mi nombre es Eufracio, llegué del Río Euphrates.

My name is Perez, I am one of Juda's twin sons. Our names are Paiz and Gutiérrez. We are the good land.

Mi nombre es Orona. I refer to a lady who prays. Yo soy Parra.

Llegué de la ciudad de Benjamín Parah (Josh. 18:23).

Yo soy, Anaya, descendiente de Ananiah.

SABADITO

Sabadito was the name used by New Mexican Sephardos for Sabat. On Fridays at sunset, *las candelarias* (menorahs) were lit and the celebration was begun with the singing of a prayer of sanctification. Six blessings were invoked. One *alabado*, also sung, had originated from Isaías' vision of angels, ascending and descending before the throne of God. In the 1940s, *velorios* were celebrated on Friday evenings on Carnué Street in Old Albuquerque. The home prayer service began with an *Alabado a San Luis Gonzaga*. A man would chant a verse and several adults would repeat his words. A *tamborina* and a *matraca* accompanied the singing. Twenty-four verses were sung, the first few honoring San Luis. During the remaining verses, the *cantor* would say "*Sale el sol, sale la luna, y una estrella de Alejandría.*" I was told the rising star of Alexandria spoke of the Jews' captivity in Egypt. One other verse was, "*Dicen que la golondrina en un volido, voló el mar.*" (It is said, that the swallow flew the sea, in one soar.) This was a code denoting exile.

The word *golondrina* reminded me of Don Enrique Tafoya's early morning KGGM-radio serenade. La Golondrina was the program's theme song

in the 1930s. At Don Enrique's funeral wake, Albuquerque's Hispanics were given a big surprise. A member of the Tafoya family announced that the Tafoyans were Judios. He added that a rabbi was praying Don Enrique's wake at the family's request.

Don Enrique had selected La Golondrina as his program's theme because it contained coded words. Hispanic musicians interpreted the word by calling it *goloh*, meaning exile. The song carried a sad melody with the word *extravidad*, meaning wandering. Loggie Carrasco says the "*golón*" in *golondrina* refers to *Las Alturas del Golón* (The Golon Heights).

RECENT JUDAISMO INFLUENCE

Other more recent signs of Judaismo have manifested themselves. In 1993, an old adobe home belonging to the Nuanes-Durán family was restored. Inside the front door post a *mezuzah* was found hidden. A *mezuzah* is a small piece of parchment of biblical verses wrapped in a small tube. The discovery was confirmed by a family descendent, Cleto Durán. The house is located on San Pasquale Street, near Old Town Plaza.

Another old house was partially demolished near Tiguex Park in 1994. The house revealed another hidden *mezuzah*. For many years, Old Town's Avila family claimed descent from a Moroccan rabbinical family. Toby Avila, the late artisan, sang *alabados* describing the plight of the Avila family. Don Vicente Arias' name on the 1880 census was misspelled to read "Ayes." The name was traced to a small place in Amsterdam, where seven other exiled Spanish-Jewish families resided.

El Carcelero Judío was a name given to the 7-foot-tall, 1920s Old Town jailer, Quirinón Cota. Cota would wrap gunny-sack materials around his legs during the winters. Around the material Quirinón would strap *strippings* of *taled* material, spun wool. Cota said the wrappings were to help him focus on the long journey his ancestors had taken from España to Nuevo México. Around his shoulders he wore a *taled* (shawl) while he prayed walking the muddy Old Town streets.

There was also more visible documentation of Judaismo, like the small prayers called *domínicas* which were handcrafted by women and sewed inside triangular shaped cloth. The prayers' words were "*Sólo, Un Señor Mío,*" words similar to the "Shema" prayer, Hear O Israel, the Lord, God is One. Worn on Jewish holidays, two designs distinguished boys from girls. These were put around a



The altar at San Felipe de Neri Church in Albuquerque features the Star of David at the top right and left. Photo courtesy of Emma Moya.



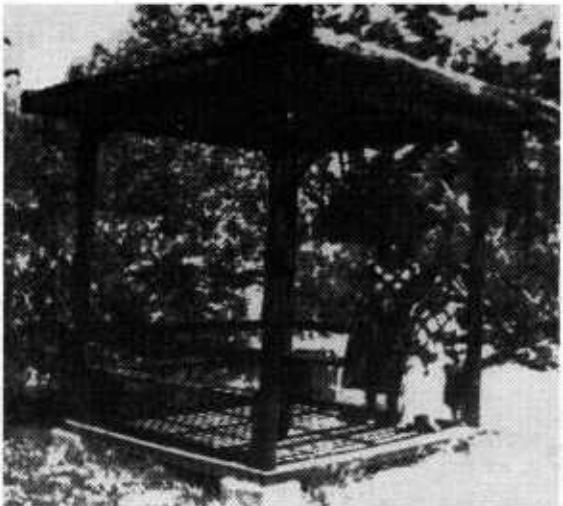
The Star of David graces a 100-year-old house south of Belén, indicating a Sephardic home with a hidden prayer room. Photo courtesy of the Baca collection.



Emilio Candelaria, left wears a handcrafted shawl called a *taled* at the Youth at San Felipe de Neri Festival circa 1922. *Taled* is derived from the Hebrew word *tallit*. Photo courtesy Emma Moya.

child's neck and removed after the celebrated holy day. Felicita Sanchez of Atrisco became the community's *sastre* for *Las Dominicas*. Felicita provided many children with the hidden prayer.

A 1922 photo of a youth group at San Felipe de Neri Church named their organization Los Luises after San Luis Gonzaga. Young members are shown wearing a *taled*, a half shawl. The word comes from the Hebrew word *tallit*. *Taleds*, colored purple and gold, were also worn by women officers of Santa Monica at the ancient church until 1993.



Un Jaral was used by New Mexico's Sephardic Jews to pray. Photo courtesy Loggie Carrasco.

In 1987, María Lucero de Sánchez gave her version of the two six-pointed stars on the upper right and left side of San Felipe de Neri Church sanctuary. María, who was born in 1894, kept a treasure of memories stored in her mind. María said her father, Federico Lucero, had said the stars were a reminder of a previous homeland for Separdos expelled from La Madre España. Federico had urged María never to forget she bore the perpetual scars inflicted by Inquisitors. Other church elders said the stars were a mystical call to worship. The worship symbol was a call for praying well, by developing a proper attitude with discipline. Both stars have been referred to as *La Estrella de David* (King David's star) and Jacobo Heli's Estrella (Jacob Heli's star).

Separdos believed Jacob, the father of San José, was of Davidic descent. Jacobo is honored in New World art. New Mexican *santeros*, in the 1800s, kept paintings of the Davidic Jacobo hidden. The name, King David, has for centuries been honored in early morning New Mexico serenades.

VICTIMS OF THE MEXICAN INQUISITION

As one sits to listen to names of suspected Judaicos in the New World, one is compelled to view the punishments given for practicing Judaism as extreme, cruel and insane. What must have gone through the heads and hearts of prosecuted Spanish Jews in the New World, especially in Mexico, during the Mexican Inquisition? They were not searching for gold. Punishment consisted of life imprisonment, confiscation of property, several hundred lashes, wearing San Benito garments (St. Benedict's garment, which included a hood) in public, several years in the galleys and burning at the stake.

Some New Mexican Hispanics are probably not aware that their ancestors were tried in the Mexican Inquisition. Our antepasados brought with them the scars imposed by the Spanish and Mexican Inquisitions. With some help from a Spanish-born Judío, Padre Inquisidor, Tomás de Torquemada, Spain's Inquisition was brought to Las Colonias.

Torquemada was Queen Isabella's confessor. In 1492 the Moors in Spain were conquered. Torquemada, in his role of confessor of the queen, convinced her to promise to Jesus Christ that she would exert influence on King Phillip II to rid Spain of the Jews. Torquemada further stated to the queen that Phillip II could be moved to dispose of the Jews by Phillip's love of gold and arms. The gold belonged to Jews. The nefarious plan was discussed inside the confessional. Fray Antonio de la Peña also influenced Spaniards to hate Jews. De La Peña pointed out abuses made against the sacrament of the Eucharist by Jews, calling them "children of Satan" and inciting attacks against conversos.

The Franciscan friar and Torquemada rightly belonged in the historical category of " betrayer of their people." Both Torquemada and De La Peña were Jews.

Women, too, were accused of practicing Judaism. This was tied into other accusations of witchcraft and evil pacts. One interesting name on the Mexican Inquisition's list in 1629 is that of Francisco de Alburquerque, who was a buyer and seller of Negro slaves. Francisco was arrested after visiting Diego Pérez de Alburquerque. Both were Judíos. Francisco spent six years in the galleys.

Laity were not the only ones subjected to punishment. Franciscan priests also paid a penalty. Some of the names in the records were found in Nuevo México and other states in the Southwest, including:

Alvarez	Carbaja	Gomez	Montoya	Ruiz
Alcazar	Cardenas	Gonzalez	Munoz	Salinas
Alfaro	Cardoso	Goya	Navarro	Safchez
Altamirano	Carmona	Granados	Narvaez	Sandoval
Alva(Tenorio del	Carrasco	Guerra	Nieto	Santillan(es)
Alva)	Castellanos	Gutierrez	Nunez	Segura
Alvarado	Castro	Guzman	Olivares	Serrano
Alvarez	Cisneros	Henriquez	Ordaz	Silva
Andrade	Cordova	Hernandez	Orozco	Sosa
Andres	Correa	Herrera	Ortega	Sousa
Arango	Cruz	Huerta	Ortiz	Suarez
Arellano	Diaz	Hurtado	Pacheco	Tobar
Arias	Dominguez	Juarez	Pena	Torres
Astorga	Duarte	Leon	Perez	Trevino
Azavedo	Enriquez	Lopez	Peralta	Tristan
Baez	Espejo	Luna	Pimental	Vaez
Baptista	Esperanza	Machado	Prieto de Villegas	Vargas
Barrientos	Espinosa	Marquez	Quinonez	Vasquez
Barrios	Fajardo	Martinez	Ramirez	Vergara
Bazan	Fernandez	Medina	Ramos	Viliareal
Benites	Figueras	Mendez	Reza	Villegas
Briceno	Flor	Mercado	Rivera	Ximenez de Camara
Briones	Francis	Molina	Robles	
Butos	Franco	Mirada	Robledo	
Caceres	Fuentes	Montes	Rodriguez	
Campos	Garcia	Morales	Rojas	

SEPHARDIC NAMES

The oppressed Judío forced into conversion considered himself a *marran-shamo*, a Latino word derived from the Hebrew *marranatha*, meaning the Lord comes. Later the word was derogatorily changed to *marrano*, or swine.

Inquisitors borrowed from the word *barucha*. The word was used by Separdos in prayers. It became *bruja* (witch). *Vete a la perra* was borrowed from La Diaspora. Separdo (Sephardim) became *safudo*, meaning out of one's mind. Torah became *turah*. *Te voy a dar una turah*. (I'm going to give you a spanking, instead of our elders telling us they were going to give us a lesson.)

Among Sephardic classical books is the one called *The Ladino Torah*, written by Ferrara in 1553. It is the first critical edition of the most influential bible among Western Sephardic Jews. On September 25, 1492, following the expulsion of the Jews from Spain, 20 bibles were burned in Salamanca. The bibles included both Jewish and Christian traditions. Queen Isabella of Castille had several Escorial manuscripts. One was given to King Phillip II. Later, Phillip acquired all the manuscripts and donated them to the Library of the Escorial Monastery (Real Biblioteca, fundada en 1573).

Of the 14 surviving manuscripts, 10 are directly related to Jewish traditions. *The Ladino Torah* is written in Spanish, Hebrew, Greek, Italian and Turkish. It is called Judeo-Spanish and Medieval Spanish. The book contained many words used by New Mexico Hispanics. *Nuevomexicanos* constantly are chided for speaking some words not used in other Southwestern states and parts of Mexico. Short examples: the sentence "I brought it." The Spanish interpretation is "Yo lo traje." New Mexicans say "Yo lo truje." This is similar to the Ladino "Yo lo truje" (trushe). The word used for "bury" is *sepultar*. New Mexicans use *enterrar* as in Ladino. "I saw it," is interpreted "Yo lo vi," with New Mexicans using the Ladino "Yo lo vidi." Intestines are called *intestinos*. New Mexicans use the word *tripas*, which in Ladino is both stomach and intestines. The following names are found in the Jewish Archives, the Encyclopedia Judaica and other sources. These are listed as Sephardic names.

Amarillo	Davila	Medina	Santangel
Angel (Turkish, Jewish name)	De Chavez	Mendes	Saracino (Sarcino)
Arias	De Loya	Mireles	Silva
Aroya	De La Pen(h)a	Molcho	De Sola
Avila	De la Reina	Molina	Sosa
Acevedo	Delgado	Mora	Sousa
Bargas	Dias (Diaz Del	Moreno (Morenu)	(J)Suarez
Barasa	Soria)	War	Tamuz
Barrios	Duran	Navarro	Toledo
Barros	Escapa	Nieto (Neto, Netto)	Torres
Aguilar	Escudero	Nunez	Tirado
Aleman	Esperanza	Olguin	Trevino
Ben-veniste	(Esperanza)	Olivera	(B)Vaez
Bravo	Espinosa	Pacheco	
Brudo	Falcon	Pardo	
Caceres	Galina	Paz	
Cansino	Gomez	Perea	
Carabajal	(Gomes de Sosa)	Pina	
Cardosa (Cardozo)	Gota	Pinto	
Carillo	Henriques	Querido	
Carmona	Herrera	Rivera	
Caro	Hurtado	Rocamora	
Carrasco	De Mendoza	Rodriguez(z)	
Castro	Lagarte	Rosales	
Bazan	De Lara	Rubin (19th century	
Chaves	Leon	Galicia)	
Chirino	Lerma	Rubio (18th century	
Cordoba	Lindo	Palestine)	
Correa	Lobo	Safran (name of the	
Costa (Acosta, Da Costa)	Lopes	New Mexican	
Cota	Losada	herb)	
	Machado	Samuda	
		Sanchez(z)	

New Mexico's Office of the Inquisition was opened in 1626. Spain's Edict of Expulsion of Jews was lifted in 1992 by King Juan Carlos of Spain in preparation for the International Olympics. Some friends from Albuquerque recently returned from a visit to Spain where they met descendants of Italian-Sephardic Jews, who said they had been rescued from Nazi ovens because of Franco's intervention.

La Noche Buena y Nuestros Antepasados



More than half of the graves at this camposanto are decorated by relatives and friends each December. Agnes and Gabe Chavez decorate about a dozen gravesites each year.

JIt is sunset on December 24, one of the shortest days of the year, the longest Night, *La Noche Buena*. From Corrales to Santa Fe, from Albuquerque to Española, all across the highland desert, Nuevo Mexicanos are lighting the *luminarias* to welcome the birth of the Savior.

In denim and leather jackets, traveling in pick-up trucks and compact cars, they return to the *camposanto*, where earlier in the afternoon the paper sacks filled with sand were dropped off to save time for the evening. Now, as the sun pauses to rest on the golden western horizon, these faithful pilgrims light the beeswax candles inside the paper sacks

that lie on the gravesites of their loved ones. Once again, *los antepasados* are memorialized and honored on Christmas Eve.

On November 1 and 2, *nuestros primos* in México (and in some major Hispanic communities in the southwest U.S.) gathered to make *ofrendas* to *los difuntos* in a celebration known as *El Dia de Los Muertos*. This ceremony can be traced back to the Aztec *flor y canto* rituals that centered on welcoming the spirits of the deceased. *La ofrenda* typically involves cleaning of the graves, offering of favorite foods and drink of the deceased and an all-night vigil at the gravesite (often supplemented by the creation of an altar in the home).

In New Mexico, the *cempasuchil* (marigold flower) is replaced with the Christmas poinsettia arrangement. Instead of *papel-picado* (hand-cut paper decorations), miniature Christmas trees and candy canes adorn the graves. New Mexico-style *luminarias*,

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PHOTOS & TEXT BY RUDY J. MIERA



Christmas tree decorations are included in this display.

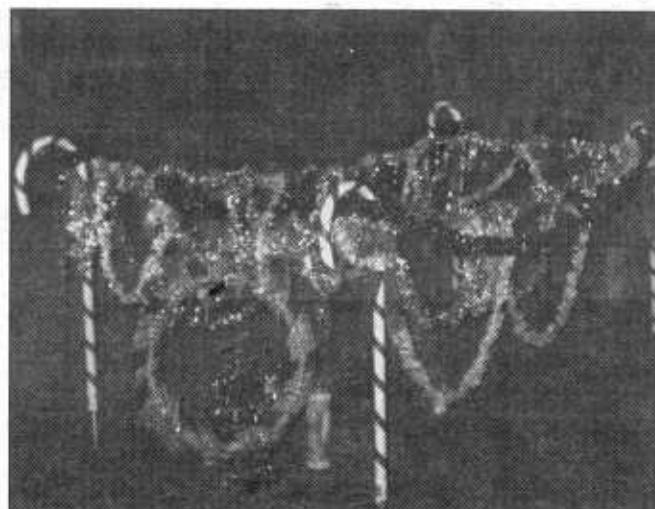
or *farolitos*, as some refer to them, are used to mark the borders of the gravesite, or are placed in the shape of a cross over the grave. The common traits of the Mexican and the New Mexican cultural traditions include praying for the well-being of the soul of the relative or friend, singing *alabados* or *canciones* at the grave and the joyful feeling at the opportunity to "commune" with our ancestors.

In contrast, there is not the separation of paying homage to *los angelitos* (infants and children) on October 30 and 31, and to adults on November 1 and 2, as is the case with many *mexicano* celebrations. In New Mexico, the ceremony is primarily confined to the graveyard, but in Mexico images of *calaveras* are found in store windows, in *mercados* and in dances and *teatro* presentations. Our tradition is simpler and involves less pageantry. Typically, *en Nuevo México*, Chicanos will prepare the graves during the afternoon of December 24, return at sunset to light the *luminarias* and pray, culminating with a reunion of family members for posole and chile at the home of *la familia*.

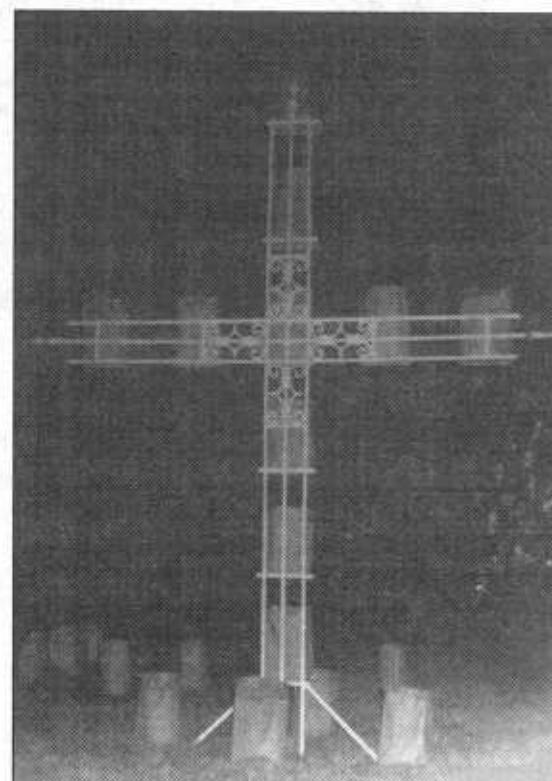
Common to celebrations of *Dia de Los Fieles Difuntos* and *La Noche Buena* is the deep spiritual connection that occurs. During both rituals, a pure communication between the living and the deceased takes place. Like other Hispanic folk Catholic traditions, these *ofrendas* do not require the official presence of the parish priest, but are, instead, presided over by the family itself. The forms are variable, each *familia* providing their own unique blend of song and prayer.



A Christmas tree made of small packages, left, and a miniature reindeer, right, adorn the grave of an infant.



Even candy canes and Christmas tree trimmings are used in imaginative ways to brighten gravesites.



Luminarias fill the camposanto and can be seen from miles away.

In one corner of the *camposanto* you might hear an a capella version of "Bendito" being sung, while in another area a portable cassette player might play a prerecorded version of "Las Mañanitas." The personalization of the two ceremonies crosses class lines, as rich and poor, from bank president to schoolteacher, janitor to *campesino*, all Chicanos mold their celebration to their own familial needs and talents.

One of the most nurturing aspects of these parallel rituals is the gentle acceptance of the inevitability of death and its introduction to the consciousness of our youth. It is actually mentally healthy for children to realize, at a young age, that mortality is a part of life.

So, once again, we as pilgrims on *esta tierra sagrada*, commemorate the end of the solar cycle, to begin the journey again, through the cycle of our seasons. Once again, the nights will shorten and each day will grow by a few minutes in the coming weeks. The Chaves and Miera and Valdez and Casaus familias will again exchange presents during this Holy season. The old familiar hymns to Santo Niño will be sung in the *capillas* and cathedrals of *Nuevo México*. The faithful will light the *luminarias* at the final resting places of *nuestros queridos*.

And there is not enough darkness in the world to obscure the light of one single candle.

Los Pastores

by Reynalda Ortiz y Pino de Dinkel



Los Pastores is a religious drama. The script for the play is believed to have been brought to New Mexico by Franciscan missionaries who followed the *conquistadores*. In our village of Galisteo, Don Tomás Peña had the script to the play that had been handed down to him from his father, who had received it from his father. The script today is in the hands of Don Tomás' great-great-grandchildren. The play was a significant part of our Christmases. Because of a scarcity of priests, the village could look forward only to monthly visits, so Los Pastores was presented in lieu of midnight Mass.

The village, through the Sociedad of San José, owned a large hall called the Sala de San José, where the play was presented. After Thanksgiving, Don Tomás started rehearsals for Los Pastores. The village anticipated seeing and hearing the play. Some villagers looked forward to participating as actors.

The play begins with the apparition of the angel Gabriel, who bids Tebano to tell all of his fellow shepherds that the long-awaited Messiah was to be born in Bethlehem that very night. In this version, the shepherds are named Bato, Tebano, Rotín, Lépido, Gil, Herás, Afrón and the lazy shepherd, Bartolo. Besides the shepherds, the cast has two angels, San Gabriel and San Miguel Arcángel, and Lucifer, who seeks revenge from San Miguel for his dethronement from the celestial

Los Pastores buscan posada, Galisteo, N.M., circa 1929.

realm. Gila, the cook, and the *hermitaño*, a hermit who travels with the shepherds, are two other important cast members.

Before leaving on their journey to Bethlehem, the shepherds, notified of the great event taking place in Bethlehem, discuss the presents they will take to the newborn Child. Here is some of the dialogue from the play:

Bato: *Pues hermanos, vayan previniendo rústicos regalos que llevarle al niño que viene a salvarnos.* (Let us start preparing simple gifts to take to the Child who comes to save us.)

Tebano: *Le llevaré un velón de lana.* (I will take him an unsheared sheep skin.)

Bato: *Yo a ese Niño chiquito le llevaré un dijecito.* (I'll take the infant a rattle.)

Gil: *Yo a ese Niño chiquito le llevaré un guajito.* (I'll take the baby a gourd.)

Lepido: *Le llevaré una sábanita para que cuando duerma lo envuelva su madrecita.* (I will take a little sheet so that when he sleeps his mother may wrap him in it.)

Tubal: *La cuna le he de llevar para que María lo arrulle cuando lo vaya a acostar.* (The cradle I will take him so Mary may rock him when she lays him down to sleep.)

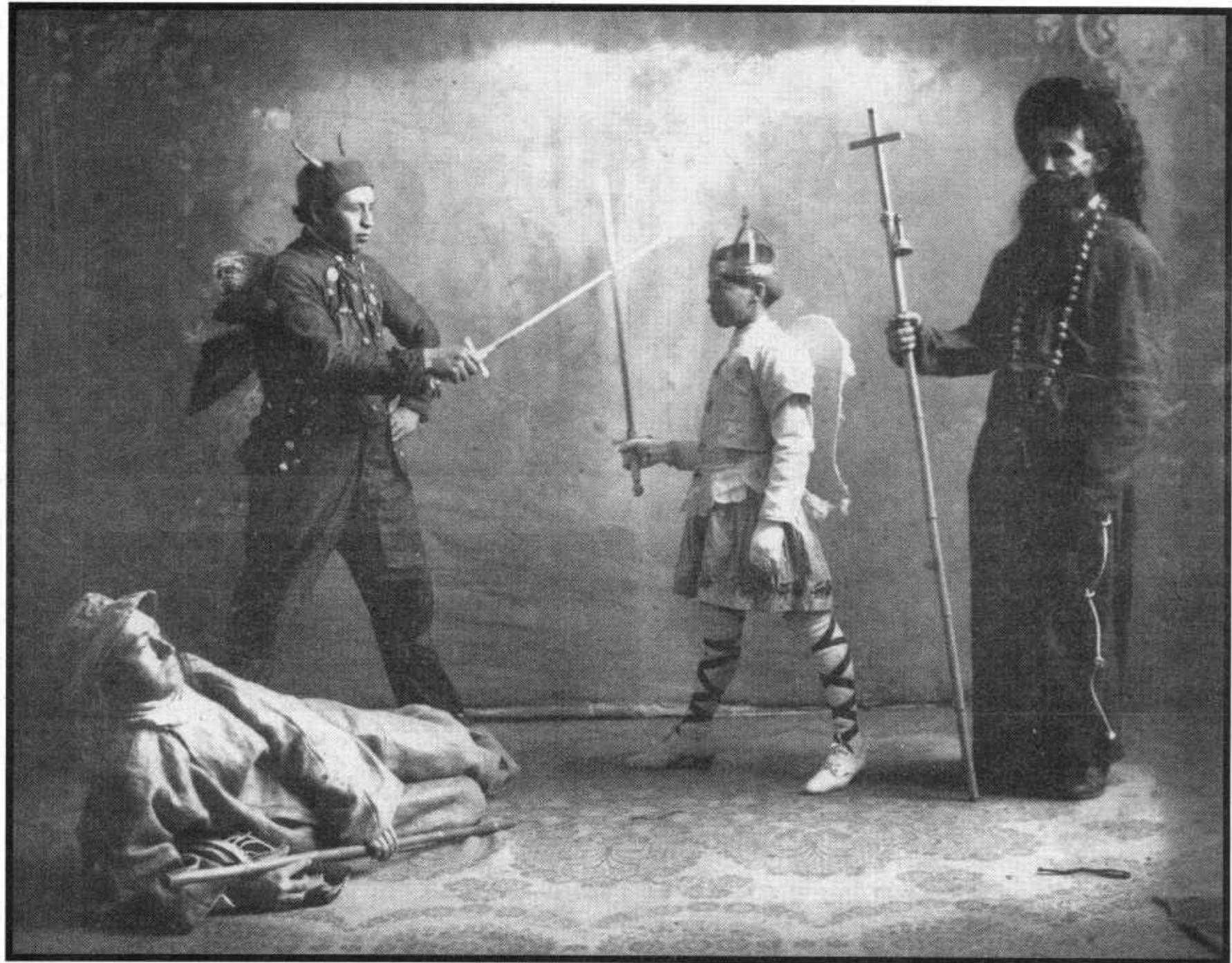
Lipio will take a diaper; Bacirio will take him a little lamb; Gila will take him many diapers and binders and a little shirt and her heart among them; the hermit will take him some medicinal roots.

To indicate the passage of time, and the length of the journey, the shepherds walk back and forth the length of the sala as they sing beautiful songs. The staffs carried by the shepherds are decorated with ribbons and ornaments, including tinkling bells.

The shepherds stop to rest and to give time for some comedy. Lucifer comes out of his hell (a curtained-off area in one corner of the hall). He tempts the hermit to run away with Gila. As soon as the couple elopes, Lucifer awakens the sleeping shepherds and lets them know. The hermit and Gila are soon

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A re-enactment of *Los Pastores* includes, left to right, Abrán Sena, Felipe Perea, Perfecto Baca and Frank Montoya in Santa Fe. Photo by Aaron B. Craycraft, circa 1915, courtesy Museum of New Mexico. Negative No. 13695.

brought back. They are repentant. The devil, dressed in red with horns and a tail, assumes an arrogant mien when he duels verbally with the archangel Michael. The devil has one of the lengthiest speeches, sprinkled with majestic language appropriate to one whom God had endowed with great wisdom.

The duel—the ranting Lucifer, the clashing of swords, the devil finally on the ground under the heel of the Archangel exemplifies the drama of *Los Pastores*.

The lazy shepherd, Bartolo, described by Gila as *holgazán, y en el comer y dormir nadie le ha de ganar* (lazy and excelling only in eating and sleeping), has the crude speech appropriate to one whose sphere is sole concern for a skin to lie on and good food. This lazy one delays the journey. Two at a time, the shepherds approach Bartolo, urging him to get up. The promises they make him of the wonders he will see in Bethlehem have little effect. He perks up when he thinks he is going to miss

out on the *migas*, a sort of bread pudding the shepherds have been eating. Finally two shepherds pick Bartolo up, and push him along on their way once more.

Upon arriving in Bethlehem, they walk up to the crib by twos and lovingly present their gifts. Mary is represented by a village maiden, and St. Joseph by an older man. The infant in the crib is sometimes portrayed by a real baby. After all the gifts have been presented, four of the shepherds place a statue of the infant Jesus on a small blanket and, each taking a corner of the blanket, cradle and gently rock the infant as they sung a beautiful lullaby with the group:

*Duérmete Niño lindo
En los brazos del amor
que te arrulle tu madre
Cantándote alarru
Alarrú, alamé, alarrú . . .*

In our hearts, we joined the shepherds on their journey to Bethlehem, all those Christmases long ago. The language of the songs and hymns were poetic harmony. To this day I hear the words of their last hymn in *Los Pastores*:

*Adiós José, adiós María
Adiós Niño chiquitito
Qué ya se van los pastores
Para los campos de Egipto
Préstanos vida y salud
para llegar al otro año.*

The benches around the *sala de San José* were vacated slowly by an audience who wended their way home carrying lighted oil lanterns to light the way. Strains of the beautiful hymns still rang in their ears, and the smell of the *luminarias* that earlier had been lit lingered in the air.

Manuelito: *Un Cuento de Navidad*

by Guadalupe Baca-Vaughn

Once upon a time, in a little village far up in the mountains, little *abuelita* (grandmother) was getting ready to tell a story to all her grandchildren, who were very excited. They were running here and there doing their chores so they could hear the grandmother tell them the Christmas story. Soon they all came in and settled down by the fireplace, and *abuelita* sat down in front of them. She said, "Before I start my story, I want to know if each one of you has done all the chores you were supposed to do? Did you pen up the sheep?"

"Sí (yes) *abuelita*, sí."

"Did you cover the *ocotes* (pitchwood) for the *luminarias* (small bonfires) tomorrow night?"

"Oh sí *abuelita*, they are all ready for the *luminarias*."

"Now you know," the *abuelita* said, "that you have to light all the *luminarias* to show the *Santo Niño* (Holy Child) how to find his way to our house. You must also remember that if you haven't been very good, the *abuelos* (boogiemen) will be there with their *chicotes* (whips), and they know if you have been bad."

"But sí *abuelita* sí, we all did that we were supposed to do, and have been very good."

"Bueno (good)," *abuelita* said, "Now I will tell you a story."

A long time ago in the little town of Belén (Bethlehem), far, far away, there lived a little boy named Manuelito. He had a clubfoot and was lame. Manuelito could not go to the hills with his father, who was a shepherd, because he could not keep up with the rest of the shepherds. Every morning the shepherds would take their sheep to pasture in the mountains. Every day Manuelito would cry and cry because he wanted to go and be a shepherd like his *papá* (father) and his *primos* (cousins).

This particular morning, the father gave Manuelito a little lamb, a little *penquito* (motherless). It had a clubfoot. One of its little feet was turned backward, and it couldn't walk. The father said, "Manuelito, I'm going to give you this little *penquito* to take care of. Be sure to take very good care of him and keep him warm. Later, you can take him to some of the mama sheep which are left in the corral, and maybe they will let him suck."

"Oh *papá!*" Manuelito cried, "All for me? This little *penquito* is all my own?"

"Oh yes," the father said. "But you must take care of him, because he is sick."

Manuelito was overjoyed! He took the little lamb in his arms and put his face up against it. He went outside and built a fire to keep the *penquito* warm. Manuelito took the lamb to feed from one of the ewes.

All day he had been watching the people com-



Illustrations by Elizabeth Ramoderi.

ing and going. They seemed to be in a hurry. They had been coming for days already.

The town of Belén was full of all kinds of strange people. They came on foot, burros and carts. Manuelito had been watching them.

"Maybe I will call you *borreguito*, mi (my) *borreguito*, el *cojito* (lame one)," he said.

Manuelito cuddled the little lamb up against his breast as he watched the people going by. He had taken his woolen scarf from his neck and wrapped it around the little lamb. Manuelito had never felt so happy in his life.

He built a little fire, and soon it was a big fire. He went to get some ash wood, which is a very hard wood, so the fire would last all day. Then he went to the corral so the little lamb could suckle from the ewes. This time, some of the mama sheep kicked him when he tried to suckle. Manuelito thought to himself, "Oh poor *borreguito*, nobody likes him because he is lame just like me. My poor *penquito*, *cojito*!"

He went back beside his fire and sat down to watch the people. It was almost dusk. Off in a distance, a man leading a donkey with a woman on its back attracted his attention. She looked very tired. Manuelito's heart went out to her. He thought, "Oh, she is so weary."

He watched them come and go from door to door, asking for lodging. Every place refused them. They had no room. When they came to the inn, the innkeeper also shook his head, but pointed to a sta-

ble built against a cave and led them there. The stable was located near where Manuelito had his fire.

Manuelito watched while the man helped the woman get down from the burro and go into the cave. Thinking they might need help, he took his *borreguito* and went to find out. Upon entering the cave he saw the lady sitting on the hay near a manger. She smiled tenderly at Manuelito. He had never seen such a radiant smile. It filled him with a joy he had never felt before. Manuelito turned to the man, who was attempting to start a fire with a few sticks he had gathered from around the stable.

The man said, "I have to build a fire to keep my wife warm, she is cold and very tired."

Manuelito asked, "May I help you?"

"Yes," he replied.

Manuelito ran out and brought some coals from his fire which had been smoldering, and placed them on the man's pile of wood. The fire would not start. Among the birds roosting on the rafters of the stable were some robins, which flew down to help Manuelito fan the fire. The robins got a little too close and scorched their breasts. At that moment the breasts of all robins turned flame red.

Manuelito saw the lady looking at the *tortolitas* (doves) up on the rafters. They were making a musical sound like a soft lullaby.

"Cu, cu, cu." The lady and Manuelito both smiled.

The man came to Manuelito and said, "Thank you for starting the fire for me. It's going strong! Would you like to go take care of your lamb now? I will call you if I need you. Take your little lamb and care for it. I appreciate your help."

Manuelito felt very happy. When he was leaving he said, "Be sure to call me if you need me."

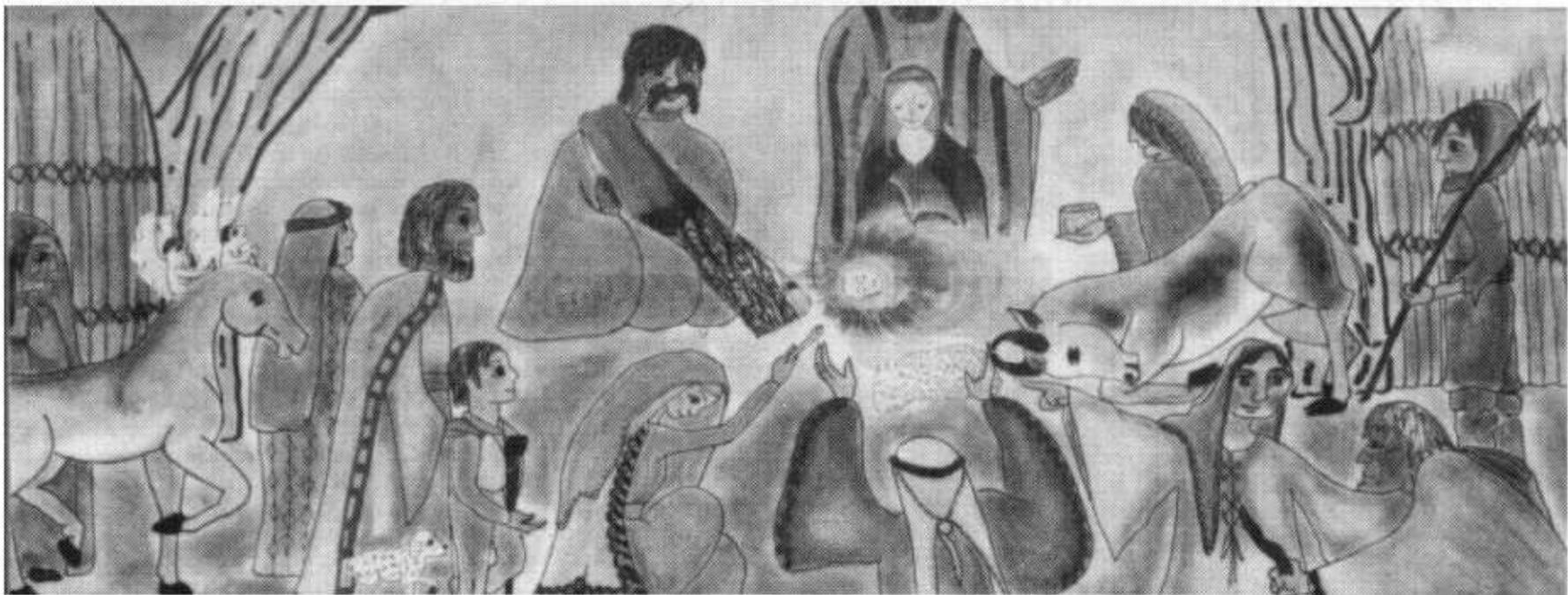
"I will, I will call you," the man replied. Manuelito went out, joyously hugging the *penquito* to his breast.

When he got back, his fire was nearly out. He thought, "Maybe I'd better not add any more wood to it because it is late," but he did add a couple of sticks and sat down beside it.

Manuelito noticed that although it was after dusk the sky seemed very light. It was almost like daylight. He looked up at the sky and saw a bright

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shining star far away. It seemed to be moving toward him.

He thought, "Why? It can't be, maybe it's a falling star. I've seen falling stars, but not as big as this one." The star kept coming toward him, yet he did not feel afraid. He couldn't describe his feelings. He hugged his *penquito* tighter. All of a sudden, he thought he heard music. He listened a little while. It was soft and beautiful like a lullaby. He looked toward his house, but the door was closed. Still, he heard the music. He looked toward the cave. The gates opened. The man was motioning to Manuelito to come to the cave.

Manuelito picked up his *penquito* and ran. When he got to the cave he saw the most beautiful light coming from it. All the birds were fluttering at the entrance of the cave. They were chirping and singing. Then Manuelito heard a beautiful sound. He went to it and saw the lady looking into the manger. There lay the loveliest baby he had ever seen in his life. There was a mystical light all around the baby.

Manuelito was so elated he did not know what to do. He looked at the baby and the beautiful lady. She was smiling, and nodded at Manuelito to come close. He went close and put out his hand as if to touch the baby, but he didn't dare. Then he saw that the lady nodded again, so he put his hand out and touched the baby gently. He was filled with joy.

"Oh," he said. "I must go call my father. I must go call the shepherds! I will call everyone to come see this beautiful baby."

Just as he got to the door he saw the shepherds running toward the cave. He thought he heard the shepherds singing. He stopped to listen. The strains of a lullaby his grandmother used to sing to him reached his ears. The shepherds were still running. Even Bartolo, the lazy one, was straggling behind. In amazement, Manuelito went to meet the shepherds to tell them about the beautiful baby, but they didn't pay any attention to him. They were pointing to the brilliant star shining over the stable.

Manuelito ran back to the cave where the baby was lying. Then all the shepherds, in awe, knelt

before this wondrous infant. They all gazed at the lovely lady and her child. One by one they drew a small offering from their garments and gave it to the child.

Lubela, a shepherdess, had been saving a little spoon for years, because people didn't have many spoons in those days. She took her prized possession and laid it before the child. Bartolo didn't have anything to give the baby. He took his scarf, which was nothing but a dirty rag, and laid it before the child. Immediately it turned beautiful. The colors were bright and clean. It no longer looked ragged. Every time someone laid a gift by the manger, it seemed the child would smile.

At this time it sounded as if angels were singing, and more angels were coming into the cave. Some tiny angels came near the manger to see what everyone was looking at. They were fluttering close to the ground because they couldn't fly very high like the big angels.

The big angels didn't care. They were adoring the child and looking at the mother. The burro was trying to push through so he too, could see. Two tiny angels floated to the donkeys ears and cried, "No podemos ver (We can't see). Yo no puedo ver (I can't see)." The burro stretched his ears some more and his ears got longer. Still the *angelitos* (little angels) couldn't see. The burro stretched and his ears got even longer. The little angels began to smile and laugh because they could finally see the child.

Manuelito looked around and cuddled against his father, who was in front. He asked him, "How did you know about this child?"

His father replied, "Because some angels appeared to us. We were scared. We covered our faces and our ears, but the singing was so beautiful we had to listen. The angels told us not to be afraid and said that we must come to Belén and follow the star which was shining right over the stable where we would find this child. The angels also said this child would be our king and would be called Emmanuel, just like you, my little son. You are Manuel and the child is called Emmanuel too."

It seemed that the beautiful lady heard the

father telling his son this, and she looked up and smiled. Manuelito was filled with so much happiness, he could hardly contain himself.

He whispered to his father. "How did you get lazy Bartolo to come here?"

The father answered, "He was running, too. At first he was straggling behind. We had to push him, but when we got over the hill and heard the beautiful music, Bartolo ran faster than all of us. He got here before we did."

Manuelito said, "Look! He gave the child his scarf. What shall I give him? I have nothing!" Just then *penquito* started to struggle from Manuelito's arms. Manuelito looked down at his *borreguito* and said, "I do have something to give him. I have my little lamb!" He laid the *penquito* by the child. Just then the little lamb began to jump and run around with happiness.

Manuelito began to run after the lamb, trying to catch it. He ran faster and faster. He was moving so fast everyone looked at him in amazement.

They pointed at Manuelito and said, "Look, look! His foot is straight! His foot is normal!"

At that moment, Manuelito looked down at his foot. He couldn't believe his eyes. His foot was like all the other boys' feet. It was no longer clubbed. He looked at his little *penquito* and was overjoyed to see that the little lamb, who could not walk before, was also perfectly normal.

The cow came close to the manger and started to kneel down to worship the infant child. The burro, in trying to get closer, stood under the shadow of two crossed rafters which left the imprint of a cross on his back. The *gallo* (rooster) began to crow, "Quiquiríquí, quiquiríquí. Cristo nació. (Christ is born) Cristo nació."

The sheep answered, "Baa-Baa, en Belén (in Bethlehem).

La Gallina (the hen) said. "Vamos a ver. Vamos a ver." (Let's go see)

The birds chirped, "Chile, chile, chile."

To this day, burros have a cross on their back and the cow kneels before lying down.

A Shoe-Shine Boy's Christmas

By Maurilio E. Vigil

"THOSE WERE THE BEST OF TIMES and the worst of times," as Charles Dickens would have called them. They were times of wisdom and foolishness, light and dark, hope and despair.

All of these applied if you were a young Chicano kid like Mario Valdez and you lived in Old Town, or

West Las Vegas, stuck somewhere beneath the south side *barrio* known as Chiveros, and the north side *barrio* known as Lanera.

Mario was a fifth-grader at North Public School, but he also dabbled in entrepreneurial pursuits on the side. To be more specific, he was a shoe-shine boy who plied his trade

every weekday afternoon, Saturdays and sometimes after 9 o'clock Mass on Sunday.

His place of business was Bridge Street. His daily rounds included such stops as Estella's Cafe, Guerin's Grocery and Market, the California Store, Korte's Furniture, Popular Dry Goods, George Maloof's Grocery Store, Leo's Pharmacy, Cokey's Drugstore and Saibe's Confectionary. But he sometimes ventured over to South Pacific and the Square Deal Market and to Art's Food Market on Hot Springs Boulevard. Those were his "official" places of business or at least the places where he told his mom he did business. He plied his trade anywhere that a crowd of more than three men gathered. The truth is that the most common places where men gathered were the Rialto Tavern, Don Fidel's Bar, Barela's Bar, the Pastime Bar and Elauterio's (later known as the "Victory") Bar. Now, that's where the real money was, not only because there were more customers, but because the "Juice" served in these establishments somehow made customers more willing to splurge on a five cent shoe shine, or even a deluxe 10-cent spit shine.

What was the main difference between the five-cent and 10-cent job? Well, probably a bit more saliva and a lot of theatrics with the polishing cloth, although the finished product wasn't

much different. The truth, Mario knew, wasn't so much in how much polish and saliva you put on, but how good the leather was, and how well maintained the shoes had been to begin with. Mario was not the best shoe shine boy in town, not when there were a dozen others on the streets.

Mario could understand why his father, a policeman, forbade him to enter the bars. With all the cussing and boozing, they were no place for a good Catholic kid. But, as the Spanish saying goes, *perro que no sale, no encuentra hueso*, or the dog that doesn't look doesn't find the bone. Besides, the conversations in the bars were always interesting. Mario especially liked the men's stories about their escapades at *los tres nueves* (three nines), which was the bordello behind Bridge Street on Valencia Street. The back rooms of the bars were a favorite hangout for gamblers who played everything from poker to *monte*. Don Fidel's Bar, for example, owned by a man called *vidrieras* (for his thick eye-glasses), was known for its high-stakes games.

Mario always wondered how the owner got away with his gaming operation, until one day when he saw a huge police officer named Juan Cortez walk in and demand his cut. He had never seen a shakedown before, but the willingness of the saloon-keeper to pay the corrupt officer explained why the gambling operations went on.

His brother Roberto had long been Mario's version of Santa Claus. Not that he didn't believe in the real thing. It's just that when you're 5 years old and you begin to tell every Santa Claus you meet what you want for Christmas and he doesn't deliver for five years, that does shake your confidence. One thing he did know is that somehow Roberto had a way of finding out that he had wanted a scooter one year, a pinball baseball game another, a monopoly game another, and somehow he always got his wish.

This year, Mario decided that he was old enough to reciprocate and give his brother a return Christmas present. He didn't know how much he could afford, but he knew it had to be special. He could not decide what to get until one day he visited Montgomery Ward on Douglas Street in New Town with Roberto and saw him admiring a fine looking Shakespere Telescoping fly fishing rod.

Mario knew that the \$15 for the fishing rod, plus \$1 for his dad's gift (five cans of Copenhagen chewing tobacco) and \$2 for his mother's gift, a small statue of Saint Jude (the patron saint for hopeless causes), plus \$2 for bags of chocolate candy for his other brothers and sisters, made for a steep Christmas budget of \$20. It was more than Mario could afford, but worth trying for.

It would require a special effort, and for that, Mario expanded his enterprises. One Saturday in early December, a huge snowstorm had ruined his prospects for shoe-shining so he had taken to 7th and 8th streets. By the end of the day, he had discovered there are better ways of making a living than shoveling snow off of sidewalks for 25

cents a shot. True, a couple of the little old ladies, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Peters, had given him a 10-cent tip, but he was still burning over the 25 cents he got for sweeping the Johnson mansion on 8th Street. When he got that job, he reasoned that the old man who owned a department store on Douglas would give him a bit more if he did the driveway as well. But no way, the old man said the deal was for 25 cents and that's what he got for being enterprising. Maybe that's why he owned a department store and Mario was shining shoes. Anyway, the whole day's efforts earned him \$5.50 and the worst backache he'd ever had.

Mario also did other odd jobs around the neighborhood. One steady job he had was working for a kindly old lady, Mrs. F. Delgado, who lived on Valencia Street and paid him 50 cents a week for hauling a bucket of coal up from the basement storage bin to the kitchen every other day. Mrs. Delgado was a widow who always left her light on at night as a signal to her neighbors that all was well with her. Mario also bagged groceries at Guerin's or the Square Deal Market whenever they needed extra help.

Mario also extended his normal rounds of shoe shining. The Christmas season had brought out more than the usual number of kids shining shoes, so the competition was greater.

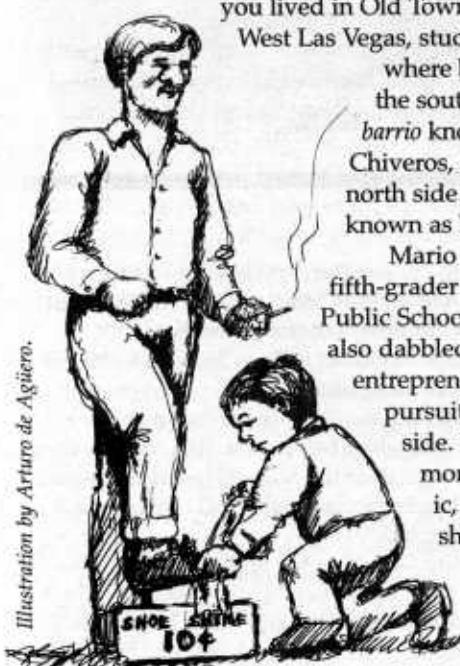
One day he realized why his father had warned him to stay away from New Town. He had been standing in front of Gordon's Jewelers, when a customer asked him for a shine. The customer was on his way to get a haircut at the Montezuma Barber Shop on Douglas, so Mario followed him in. Suddenly, the shop owner grabbed his collar and shoved him out the door. "Get out and stay out you little dirty Mexican," he hollered. When the customer protested, the barber yelled back, "You can't trust any of them, they'll steal you blind."

Before he knew it, Mario was outside the barber shop. A small crowd had seen him being ejected from the shop. Crying, Mario grabbed his shoe box and ran into the nearby alley. He had never been so humiliated in his life. He had never heard the word "Mexican" used with such derision before. He was not, his parents told him, a Mexican. Those were the poor immigrants from Mexico. His family was Spanish American and more respectable.

For a few days, Mario stayed away from New Town, feeling more secure among "his own kind." But the competition was too great, and with only five days left until Christmas Eve and *Los Oremos* time was running out, and so Mario again ventured to the east side.

One day he sneaked into the Manhattan Bar before the owner caught him. A large Anglo man in a three-piece suit standing at the bar hired him for a "deluxe." Immediately sensing that here was

Illustration by Arturo de Agüero.



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a good prospect for a tip, Mario started laying on the polish with a generous serving of spit, flapping the polishing cloth with the deftness of a barbershop professional. Suddenly, another large man, this one more familiar, appeared. "What are you doing here?" he asked. Mario looked up to see the towering figure of his father.

"I was outside and the man asked for a shine," Mario responded meekly.

"Oh! Is this your kid, Antonio?" the tall man asked his father.

"Yes, and he knows better than to be in here," Antonio replied.

"That's all right," the Anglo said, "He's just finishing." He pulled out a pocketful of change and offered it all to Mario. "Here son," he said, "any son of my friend Antonio is a friend of mine."

Mario, still shaken by his father's sudden appearance and the man's generosity blurted out, "No sir, my compliments," and ran out. Outside in the alley again, Mario cursed himself. "What fool I am," he thought. "There was more money in that man's palm than I needed for all my presents and I didn't even collect the 10 cents he owed me." Eventually, Mario returned to Douglas and resumed his familiar call, "Shine? Shoe shine, sir?"

That evening, his father said nothing about the incident. Mario felt relieved that his father had not punished him for disobeying and for not repeating the story to his brothers, who surely would have laughed at him for being such a fool. Later, as he lay in bed he overheard his father tell his mother about the bar incident.

The final days before Christmas moved quickly, with Mario making slow but steady progress. He lost some valuable work time because he had to stay after school to practice for the school's presentation of a play on Los Tres Reyes Magos, or the story of The Three Wise Men. Mario had been selected to play the role of Joseph and he had worked hard on his role.

On Christmas Eve morning, which happened to be a Saturday, Mario got up early, did his home chores then rushed off to work. He was still \$6.50 shy of his \$20 goal. As he walked by the California Store, he ran into an old friend and fellow shoe shine boy, Melecio Padilla. They each bragged (or lied) about how good business was, and just as they were leaving, they each caught sight of a brand new currency bill. They both leaped for it and both managed to get a shoe on half of the bill. Neither lifted his foot for fear the other would grab the bill and run off. After five minutes of arguing, the boys agreed to share the bill equally. To their delight, it was a \$10 bill. Just at that moment, Melecio's older brother, Johnnie, appeared, and he demanded an equal share. Reluctantly, Mario and Melecio agreed to give Johnnie \$2. Now Mario was just \$2.50 short of his goal.

It had started to snow lightly and Mario thought, "Good, it will be a white Christmas tomorrow." He walked into the California Store and bought the statue of Saint Jude and stuffed it into his coat pocket.

He again walked over to new town to avoid the competition, and in a short time, had accomplished his goal with \$1 left for himself. With \$19

in his pocket, he walked into Newberry's 5 and 10 cent store to purchase the Copenhagen for his father and the candy. As he was walking through the aisles he remembered he needed a can of kiwi cordovan shoe polish, so he picked one up. Casually, so as not to forget the shoe polish, he placed it on a tray of his shoe box. He continued to browse through the store and admired the glider airplanes and other toys.

Then he picked up five cans of Copenhagen chewing tobacco for his father and the candy for his brothers and sisters, and paid the cashier. Just as he walked out the front door, he felt two huge hands grab him by the collar and the seat of his pants. Mario looked back and saw the figure of Juan Cortez, the corrupt old town police officer, who doubled as security guard at Newberry's. "I saw you swipe that can of shoe polish," Cortez said as he shoved Mario into a storage room that served as the store's holding cell for shoplifters. Despite Mario's efforts to explain the misunderstanding, Cortez would not listen. He ordered Mario to empty his pockets, and when he saw the \$16 Mario had, he stuffed them in his own pocket. He then locked the door behind Mario as he went to call the city police.

When Cortez returned, Mario begged him to keep the money and let him go. Cortez refused and warned the boy not to mention the money, or he would also accuse him of stealing it.

To Mario's relief, the officer who picked him up was Sgt. White, who did not know him. The officer took him to City Hall and locked him in the holding cell. Never before had Mario been in such a filthy place. The only furnishings were a bare sink, a dirty toilet without a seat and a metal bed without a mattress.

After what seemed like an endless afternoon, a jailer came in and escorted Mario to an office where he was ordered to sit down and wait. After another hour of waiting, he overheard a voice in the other room call to another, "Chief, what do you want to do with that kid waiting in the outer office?" Minutes later, the chief of police entered, and Mario's world collapsed even further. It was the same man he had met at the Manhattan Bar, his father's friend, the man who had offered him the handful of change and complimented his father about his son's industry and character.

The chief glared at him in a stern and disapproving manner then said, "Son, I'm in a generous mood because it's Christmas. Get out of here, but if I ever see you again, you'll end up in Springer."

Mario rushed out the door. He knew that Springer meant the Reform School, where all the juvenile offenders were. He had been delivered, but still despaired. "What will I do when the chief tells my father," he thought. He wandered aimlessly around the gaily decorated town, oblivious to the Christmas lights and snow, which was now falling heavily all around him. "What will I do?" Finally, he decided that he could not return home. The disgrace which he had brought on his family would be unbearable, so he decided that he would be better off dead.

He would run away to El Crestón and "get lost," and by the time he was discovered in the spring, the bad memories his family had of him would be long passed. Mario alternately ran and

walked past the bridge into Old Town, past the Plaza with the gleaming Christmas tree and past the *nacimiento* (manger scene) in the park. He continued to walk past the first hills and climbed further into the mountains, which he had explored on his hiking trips. He was in a blinding blizzard now. He came upon a cave and decided he could go no farther. He would stay there. He would die there.

Several hours later, he woke up and wondered if what had happened that day was a nightmare, for that's how it seemed to him now. The cold was unbearable, his hands were white and his fingers felt like icicles that could break off if they touched anything hard. He must go home, he thought. The worry and despair he would cause his family were worse than the dishonor he had brought upon himself. Again, he walked into the blizzard.

As he passed Mrs. Delgado's house, he noticed how strange it was that the porchlight was not on and remembered he had not hauled the coal for her that day. Concerned, he decided to investigate. When he entered through the back door, he immediately sensed that something was wrong. The house was cold and felt abandoned. He searched the house quickly and found no trace of Mrs. Delgado. Before leaving, he decided to fill her coal bucket, and as he went down the stairs he saw her sprawled on the basement floor, unconscious. *She must have run out of coal, Mario thought, and when I didn't show up she decided to get it herself. She must have lost her footing and fell.* Mario rushed out and called the police. Quickly the ambulance arrived to transport Mrs. Delgado to the hospital. Just at that time the chief of police entered the house. He had heard the report on the police radio and had decided to lend a hand. When he saw Mario, he told him, "Son, you've had a busy day, haven't you? Come here, I've got your shoe-shine box and your shopping bag in the car. I was going to take it over to your house and explain to your dad that you had forgotten it at the station where you came looking for him today." The smile on the chief's face reassured Mario that the incident at Newberry's was history and would remain that as far as the chief was concerned.

Mario put on his wet coat, and as he put his hand in his pocket, he felt the little statue of Saint Jude. He wondered if it was a coincidence.

Just then, Frank Delgado, Mrs. Delgado's son, walked in. "Mario," he said, "I heard about what you did for my mother. If you hadn't found her, she might have died here. Good thing she's only got a slight concussion. I know I can never repay you, but here is \$20 so you can have a Merry Christmas."

After paying a late visit to the Montgomery Ward, Mario returned home. When he walked into the house looking haggard and drawn, his father asked, "Where have you been?"

"Oh! I've been doing my Christmas shopping," he replied.

After a hearty meal of posole, tamales and red chile, Mario was ready to go out on *Los Orígenes*. It already had been a very eventful Christmas for Mario and he was thankful that everything had worked out.

Every Culture Has a Scrooge

Felipe Maximiliano Chacón was born in Santa Fe, N.M., on December 6, 1873, the son of Urbano Chacón and Lucia Ward. Like his father before him, Felipe devoted much of his life to Spanish journalism in New Mexico and Colorado. The younger Chacón was also one of the first Hispanos in New Mexico to participate in creative writing. He published a book of prose and poetry. Other miscellaneous pieces were published in different Spanish newspapers, including the following story "Viejo Urrutia."

Published in 1924, *Obras de Felipe Maximiliano Chacón: El Cantor Nuevomexicano: Poesía y Prosa* is certainly a gem, because it is one of the first books of creative prose published by a native *nuevomexicano*. Chacón's contributions to the Hispanic community and the early development of Chicano/Hispanic literature were manifold, as he was one of the precursors of this genre of literature, not only as it relates to New Mexico, but also the Southwest and other parts of the United States where you have large concentrations of the Chicano/Hispano community. Chacón died on July 26, 1946, and years later in 1980, a tribute was made to him in a small book compiled by Julián Josué Vigil titled *F.M. Chacón: Short Stories*. In his book, Vigil translates some of the short stories and poetry composed by Chacón.

In a separate part of this issue of *La Herencia*, we publish an article written by F.M. Chacón's daughter, Herminia Chacón de González.

— Anselmo F. Arellano

VIEJO URRUTIA

POR F. M. CHACON

Este era el auditorio de un Casino de Comunidad. Un orador dirigía la palabra en elocuentes frases de amor confraterno y buena voluntad; una encarecida solicitud de caridad para los pobres y necesitados.

Los bolsillos de los circunstantes se abrieron generosamente, y el dinero de las almas magnánimas fluía libremente: veinticinco, cincuenta, cien, quinientos dólares . . . Era la Nochebuena, víspera de la Navidad del Señor.

Los recaudadores de fondos por fin fueron a donde estaba un traficante en abarrotes, don José María Urrutia, que todos conocían comúnmente



F. M. Chacón, escritor precursor.

con el simple apodo de "viejo Urrutia." —A ver, cuánto contribuye usted? preguntaron los recaudadores. El viejo Urrutia mecánicamente metió la mano en el bolsillo, la sacó, cruzó los brazos y exhaló un suspiro, con los ojos fijos en los solicitantes, pero sin decir palabra.

—Ande, don José María, decían-aquellos, —afloje los cordones de las talleas; es día de la Navidad y hay que hacer regalos y caridades, don José.

Pero don José permanecía mudo, hasta que por fin exclamó, —Están los tiempos demasiado duros. Este no es el propio tiempo para dádivas.

—Los tiempos no están malos para mí, —dijo uno de los solicitantes, ni para ningún ser humano de los nobles impulsos. Pero nada consiguieron.

El día siguiente, era día de la Navidad. El viejo Urrutia fue a su escritorio y sacó una pila de facturas de todos los que le debían, que eran harto numerosos, puesto que los tiempos estaban duros y eran muchos los que se veían obligados a comprar al fiado.

El viejo Urrutia separó todas las cuentas de los pobres de las demás, y escribió unas cuantas palabras al calse de las facturas, tarea que le tomó cosa de una hora. Acto continuo, se echó las facturas en la bolsa y se fue. Mas tarde volvió a su comercio y llenó varias canastas de dulces, frutas y comestibles, que mandó anónimamente a ciertas determinadas familias.

La noche del mismo día se celebraba una reunión en el Casino de Comunidad con un grande

árbol de Navidad en el centro del tablado del auditorio. La mayor parte de los contribuyentes al fondo de regalos y caridades estaban allí, y orgullosos todos de su generosidad, criticaban al viejo Urrutia por su "tacañería" y "avaricia."

Cuando el viejo Urrutia entró en el auditorio, todos le vieron fríamente y con donaire de notable desprecio. Algunos le saludaron, pero con más indiferencia que cordialidad. El viejo Urrutia al parecer no se dio cuenta de nada; tomó asiento cerca de la primer hilera de lunetas.

Alguien por fin se paró y suplicó que se hiciera uso de la palabra para el bien de la ocasión. Nadie respondió por unos momentos. Un anciano mal vestido de cabello y barba canas por fin se paró y dijo, un tanto sobresaltado:

Respetable público: Yo no soy orador, pero tengo algo que deciros tocante a esta ocasión de la Navidad del Señor. Y sepán todos que yo no he venido a soplar mi propia trompeta. Ustedes saben que los tiempos están muy duros para el hombre trabajador, debido a que tantos trabajadores han sido retirados de sus ocupaciones. Este ha sido el primer año que yo no pude saldar mis cuentas. Ya casi me parecía que iba a pasar una Nochebuena muy triste. Pero esta mañana, cuando menos lo esperaba, un sujeto llegó a mi casa y me dio lo que parecía ser una carta. Yo creí que era alguna orden del alguacil, o cosa semejante. Pero ustedes no pueden imaginar mi gran sorpresa cuando abrí el sobre y vi que era la cuenta que yo le debía a don José María Urrutia. Al calce de la cuenta estaba escrito:

Espero que este sea el principio de mejores días. Feliz Navidad. Saldo completo. José María Urrutia.

Mi cuenta era de \$30, y en la misma forma, don José María debe haber dado otros recibos por mas que \$1,000.

El viejecito mal vestido entonces se sentó, mientras el viejo Urrutia trataba de escaparse sin ser visto, sintiéndose un tanto embarazado, de las revelaciones que el orador hiciera. Pero todos se levantaron de sus asientos y se rodearon de él, trocándose la escena en un veritable tumulto de apologías, felicitaciones y alabanzas de su sincera generosidad, genuina grandeza de alma que no busca la luz de la publicidad, en agasajo de la vanidad humana, sino más bien la apartada soledad de una satisfacción bienhechora.

El Nuevo Mexicano
December 24, 1925

Pensamientos de Antes

**TODO FALTARA,
MENOS SU PALABRA**
(Por Una Anciana de Walsenburg)

Esta noche es el cumpleaños
De Nuestro Niño Jesús,
El nacido en un pesebre
Quien vino a traernos la luz.

Esta LUZ es su palabra
Y el Mensaje verdadero,
Que trajo en esta vez
Para bien del mundo entero.

Vamos cantando alabanzas
Dirigidas hacia El,
Que nos trajo este mensaje
Cuyo nombre es Emanuel.

Los ángeles en el cielo
Cantaban a viva voz,
Y decían Aleluya!
A nuestro Niño Jesús.

Y los pastores pas mados
Miraban esa visión;
Vamos a buscar al Niño
Que nos va a traer Redención.

Y los Magos del Oriente
Se pusieron en camino
Y allí hallaron a María
En el establo con el Niño.

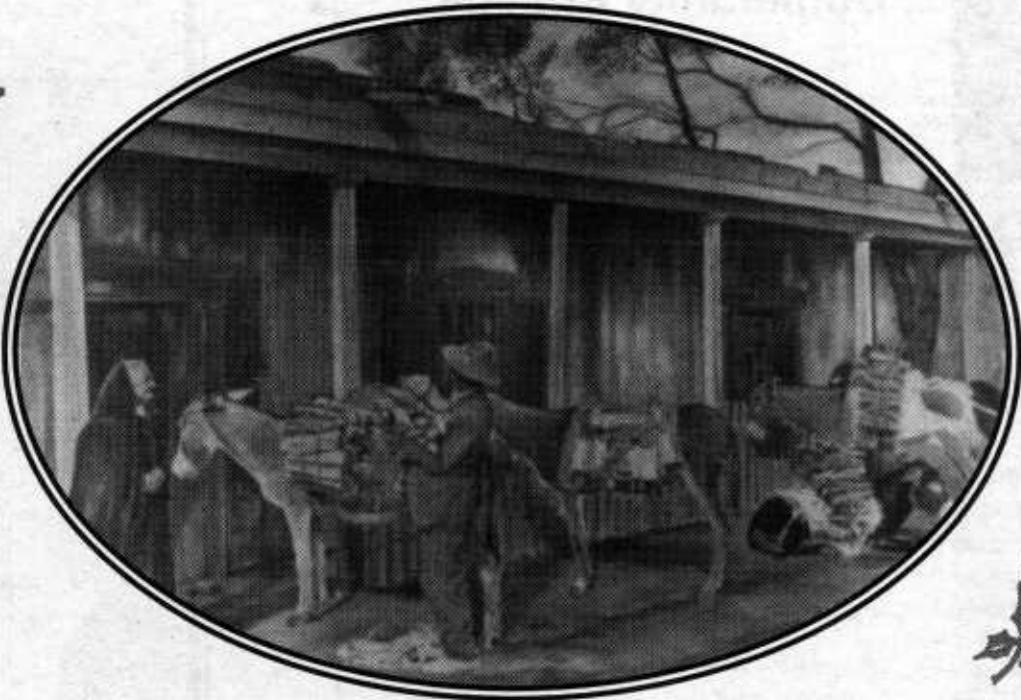
Y doblando la rodilla
Según lo exige la ley,
Le regalaron presentes
Porque trataban un Rey.

Desde la edad de doce años
Notaron su entendimiento,
Ya estaba profetizado
Antes de su nacimiento.

Y desde entonces los sabios
Notaron su entendimiento,
Ya estaba profetizado
Antes de su nacimiento.

Y desde entonces los sabios
Notaron que iba a ser Rey,
Pues les enseñó pasajes
Contenidos en la ley.
Cada día en esta vida
Es una hoja en esa historia.
Que esperamos ver escritos
Nuestros nombres en la Gloria.

Los profetas fueron sabios
Enviados por el Mesías;
Hoy se ven estar cumpliendo
Esas santas profecías.



Se levantarán los muertos
De un largo y profundo sueño,
Porque vendrá nuestro Rey
Cuando se cumpla el Milenio.

Alisten todos sus luces
Para salir a encontrar,
Vamos a cenar con EL
En la mesa celestial.

Pues así nos prometió
Y acrecentemos la Fé
Que no nos halle durmiendo
Como en los días de Noé.

Vendrá por segunda vez,
Pues así nos prometió
Porque todo faltará
Menos su palabra, No!

NO XMAS . . .

Se acerca la Noche Buena
Y aquí, sin trabajo estoy;
Seguro es que no le doy
Sus crismes a mi morena.

¡Oh, pobre de tí, María!
Grande pena te va a dar
Cuando vayas a encontrar
Tu mediecita . . . vacía.

Mas en cambio te dare
Una prueba de cariño,
Que te tuve desde niño
Y es: que siempre te amaré.

NOCHE DE PAZ

Noche de Paz, Noche de amor
Todo duerme en derredor;
Entre los Astros que esparsen su luz
Viene anunciando al Niñito Jesús.
Brilla la Estrella de Paz!
Brilla la Estrella de Paz!

Noche de Paz, Noche de Amor,
En el campo hay un pastor.
Cosas celestes proclaman salud,
Gracias y Glorias en su plenitud,
Por nuestro buen Redentor!
Por nuestro buen Redentor.

Noche de Paz, Noche de Amor,
Ved que bello resplandor!
Luz en el rostro del Niño Jesús,
En el pesebre dió al mundo la luz.
Astro de eterno fulgor!
Astro de eterno fulgor.

Poems reprinted from *El Nuevo Mexicano*, 1925.



Do You Believe in Angels?

By Jerry Padilla

There are some Hispanos of New Mexico and others for whom the existence of angels includes more than religious traditions or artistic interpretations by *santeros* and folk artists. Probably the most recognized angels of tradition are San Miguel Arcángel, San Gabriel and San Rafael.

St. Michael is depicted triumphant over the evil one; Gabriel brought the annunciation to Mary; while Rafael is usually portrayed with a string of fish, and has special meaning for those involved with water or gaining their livelihood through *acequias* or bodies of water.

Besides a few others with biblical references, these three angels are the best known. Aside from the current popularity of angels, many traditional Hispanos believe angels are a real part of daily living. Popular belief contends everyone has a guardian angel or, *santo ángel*. Among the first prayers children are taught is one commanding themselves while asleep and awake to their *santo ángel*.

There are those who believe angels have a tendency to appear in the guise of ordinary people, rescuing would-be victims. The following are real accounts shared by some, although they requested they remain anonymous.

There is a story of a little girl who became lost in mountainous country near Arroyo Hondo, or some such place in Taos County, after having strayed from home. The search was reluctantly delayed because of darkness. Family and villagers prayed with hope against hope, due to winter cold and a rapidly increasing snowstorm, that the child would be found safe.

At first light villagers set out again, beyond the area previously searched. Soon a small huddled form was seen near some juniper trees. Approaching villagers encountered the little girl, squatting near a strange little blue flame with which she had kept warm throughout the night. In the fresh snow, they noticed unusual small tracks that seemingly came from nowhere. When asked about the tracks, the child answered that she didn't know whose they were, but said the person had made the little fire for her that would last until daylight when she could find her way back home.

Another couple from Taos lived in El Paso during the 1950s, where the husband was stationed in the military. Their 3-year-old daughter wandered off following a stray puppy.



Illustration by Arturo De Agüero.

Later, her mother could not find her, and began a frantic search of the military base housing area. Nearly overwrought with fear and concern, she recounted how a woman with blonde-braided hair and a foreign accent approached and asked, "Are you looking for a little girl?" The mother answered that, yes, she'd lost her daughter, and described her.

The woman told her, "I have one I found crying who said she lived in a green house and was lost. I gave her ice cream to comfort her. Come see if she's yours."

Arriving at the house, mother and daughter were reunited. Thanking the woman, they returned home. The husband later heard the tale, and said she must be a newly arrived German or Dutch wife of a serviceman. He went to the address to personally thank the woman and her husband. He soon returned with a look of astonishment on his face and said, "You must have told me the wrong address. There hasn't been anyone living in that housing unit in months." The wife knew

who and what she'd met, and both gave silent thanks to the braided angel who returned their daughter safely.

Then there was the story of the hunter who, pursuing tracks of a deer in snow, veered miles from his truck somewhere in the mountains between Taos and Pecos. He was experienced and didn't worry when snow started falling again.

Confident he could find his way back, he decided to track just a while longer. As storms will, this one increased in intensity, and the hunter decided to abandon the chase.

It soon became obvious he'd waited too long. The snowfall was so heavy that visibility worsened and he became lost. Could he wait the flurries out? The snow continued unabated, and he knew if he didn't find shelter soon, he'd likely become disoriented and possibly freeze. Perhaps under the branches of a spruce there would be kindling and ground dry enough for a fire.

The silence was interrupted by the whinny of a horse. "That's it! Hail this other mounted hunter or follow him to his camp," he thought. His calls went unanswered, but following the direction of the horse's noise and faint footfalls, he'd soon catch up. Everytime he thought he'd lost the horse's tracks, it snorted or whinnied, or he could hear its footfalls through the trees just ahead. It was nearly dark when he came upon a campsite. The tracks went nearly to the tent flaps, then disappeared into nothing.

It was dark, and he assumed the string of pack horses must be tied nearby but not visible. Three other Hispano hunters invited him in. He asked for the mounted hunter he'd followed. The hunters looked at him as if he were addled, replying, "We have no horses, we hiked in days ago." They politely said they hoped whoever the rider was, that he'd get to his camp safely, but that for now, this one should stay with them.

Some would call this a coincidence, others fate, and there are those who still believe that angeles, guardian angels, are never far away.

Jerry Padilla is a free-lance writer and teacher assistant residing in Taos. Involved in researching and preserving New Mexican history and traditions, Padilla performs in local Hispanic folk dramas.



INFLUENZA HIT LAS VEGAS WITH EPIDEMIC PROPORTIONS

by Herminia C. González

In 1918, we were living in Old Town Las Vegas, N.M.

My father was editor of *El Independiente*, my sisters and I went to the Immaculate Conception school in New Town, and our brother went to the Christian Brothers school in Old Town. At that time, East and West Las Vegas were separate municipalities.

Unfortunately, Las Vegas and the surrounding areas were about to experience the wrath of an influenza epidemic that gripped the nation and world, and devastated many families in 1918. The epidemic killed 20 million people worldwide and 548,000 in the U.S.

The first inkling we had of the epidemic was in school, when a student's parent disenrolled her from classes. He said he had heard of the epidemic and was taking no chances.

We lived in Old Town on Pacific Street in the middle of a row of old, flat-roofed adobe houses all joined together. Next door lived a Mr. Montoya, a widower, with two grown daughters and 10-year-old Manuela.

To augment his earnings, my father sold photograph enlargements for an Eastern firm. The pictures were enlarged, tinted and framed, and were good sellers. He also sold *La Sanadora*, Don Benigno Romero's liniment. On weekends my father would load the wagon he owned and set out to deliver his pictures and sell the liniment. He would drive out to Plaza de Arriba, Hot Springs and El Porvenir, where most of his customers lived. Sometimes, when he went to El Povenir, we would all go with him and have a picnic.

On one trip he returned early and was very troubled. He had been unable to sell anything. An influenza epidemic had besieged the area, and everywhere he called, people were sick. At one house, the sick seemed near death. My father said he also felt sick and feverish.

My mother dosed him with quinine and rubbed him down with her favorite remedy of lard with turpentine. For good measure, she rubbed it on all of us. By Monday, Papa said he felt fine and went to the office. One of the printers was out sick. Our neighbor Montoya had caught influenza at a convention in Albuquerque and was very ill. A doctor was called and the house was quarantined. Montoya's elderly father, a newly married son and his wife heard of their father's illness and arrived from their ranch to help the family.



The 1918 influenza epidemic brought devastation throughout the country. Photo courtesy Museum of New Mexico. Negative No. 51212.

The young wife and the son got sick too, as did Manuela.

There was a sealed-off, connecting door between our house and the Montoya's home. My father stuffed paper all around it, then he got some creosote and spread it on the door, on the window sills and outside doors.

During the week, the nuns at the school told us to take our books and go home. Because of the influenza, all the schools closed until further notice.

On Sunday, the priest met the people at the door and said there would be no Masses. Churches of all denominations were to remain

closed. The priests later said private Masses at the side chapel. They would leave the door open and some people would stand outside in the church yard.

The public library was closed, as were the

Herminia Chacón de González, 93, was born and raised in Las Vegas, N.M. She currently lives in El Paso, Texas.



the two movie houses. The influenza had broken out all over the region.

The very poor families, who lived at El Crestón on the western outskirts of Las Vegas, all caught the disease. Disabled beggars who lived there stopped coming into town for their *pan de sábado*. On Saturday, they would visit merchants and Hispanic families in Old Town. They were given coins, food and clothing.

The hospital in New Town was overwhelmed with patients, and doctors worked day and night. The streets were deserted. Now and then you would see a priest or a doctor hurrying along on an errand of mercy.

Margarito Romero, Stern and Nahm and the Maloofs kept corrals and sheds behind their stores. These were used by the ranchers and wood cutters who came to buy supplies and sell their products. These places, too, were deserted.

The only places which were doing good business were the saloons on Bridge Street. Someone had said that the best antidote for the flu was whiskey, and a lot of men believed it. The women who passed in front of the saloons held their *tápalos* up to their eyes.

Things got worse for the Montoyas. They couldn't leave the house, and their supplies were running out. The girls would knock on the connecting door and tell my mother what they needed. She would write a list, the Montoyas would put their money on a window sill, and my brother and I would go to a neighboring grocery store and leave the groceries on their doorstep.

The first time that we went to the store the grocer asked us if the food was for the Montoyas. When we said "Yes," the man said he wouldn't sell them anything; he wouldn't touch their infected money.

His wife heard him and told him it was a sin to deny those poor people the things they needed. She said that if he didn't want to touch their money, the Montoyas could have the groceries for free! Then she took the coins, washed them, dried them and put them in the cash drawer. After that we had no more trouble.

After about two weeks, Mr. Montoya died. The next one to go was Manuelito, then the daughter-in-law. The grandfather, the son and the daughters were spared. There were no funerals.

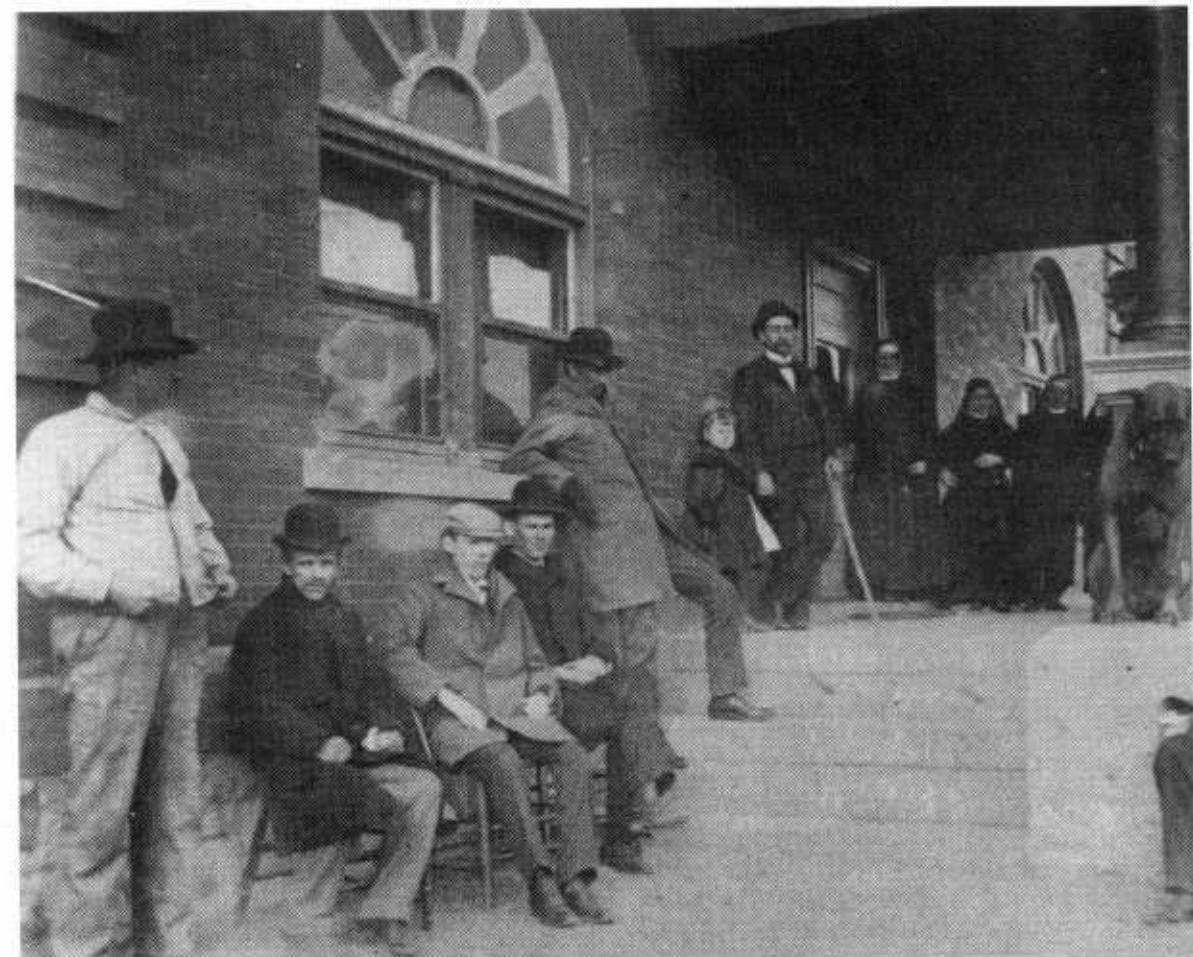
Men with cloths around their faces came to the Montoya's house when each one died. They put the bodies in plain wood coffins and carried them off in horse-drawn wagons.

The newspapers printed news of the devastation in all parts of the nation. Finally, the illness ran its course. People said the snow would kill the germs. The epidemic finally ended and things went back to normal.

We moved to a cheerful house on Hot Springs Boulevard. The schools and churches reopened, and everyone resumed their usual lives as Las Vegas awoke from what appeared a bad dream.



The streets of Las Vegas were deserted during the epidemic. Sixth Street, Las Vegas, N.M. Photo courtesy Museum of New Mexico. Negative No. 87173.



The front entrance of St. Anthony Hospital in Las Vegas around the time of the epidemic. Photo courtesy Museum of New Mexico. Negative No. 9453.

Memories of El Camino del Cañón

by Lydia Rivera

As I walk along the Santa Fe River bank, up the canyon toward the Sangre De Cristo Mountains, I can remember a different rhythm. A slower heartbeat of days and a time that is cast to the winds, and I cannot help but follow the river, the *acequias*, physically as well in memories.

Originally, *El Camino del Cañón*, Canyon Road, was used by the Indians as a means of survival. The location of the canyon land, next to the natural element of necessity, water, was an ideal place to plant their crops; This beautiful path along the river was also used as a trail that led to Pecos. Indians from different tribes communicated and traded with one another, first by runner, and later by horseback.

This trail was eventually called The Windsor Trail. At one point, *la gente* were asked if they would give up *La Acequia de los Armentas*, as it was called then. This *acequia* was an irrigation canal that ran a direct path from the mountains beyond the reservoir. Area residents gave their permission to do away with the *acequia* for the sake of progress.

Almost all the adobe homes had a physical beauty which I would dream of exploring, hoping that I would be invited to see and experience the mystery of each house. My young mind feared, as well as marveled, at the wonder and strength of Picacho Peak, Atalaya and Sun Mountain and the Sangre De Cristo Mountains which cradled the environment as well as taught us a lesson in survival. These majestic peaks that are so strongly visible beyond the canyon, made me wonder, "Who was God?" Was he a rock or a mountain? But then God was everything and everywhere! Did others wonder about Him? Who and why were we living here? Where did we really come from? Where did we really go?

I knew others talked about this, at least at St. Francis School, and in my family, who gathered at my grandma's and stepgrandpa's every morning to greet the new day. The adults drank coffee, and we sipped on grandmas's hot, liquorless toddy. In the evening, I looked forward to visiting my grandmas's house again. I especially remember how I loved the aroma and the light emitted by the kerosene lamp. I looked forward to listening to *dichos* and *cuentos*, but was terrified to hear



Canyon Road at the Santa Fe River.
Photo courtesy Museum of New Mexico.
Negative No. 14025.

cuentos de las brujas, del Coco, y de los fantasmas.

The children of our family were nurtured and asked to share our childhood ideas and experiences. The *vecinos* knew each other intimately. There was a beautiful exchange of respect and good manners and the usual salutation of *Buenos días le dé Dios*, or *Buenas noches le dé Dios*. But if person was at a distance, or if one was not too familiar with the other, a simple nod of the head was acceptable.

I can recall the four seasons during my childhood, and from time to time, became aware of the beauty with which my life was filled. I imagine other *Santafesinos* probably felt the same way. Autumn was, for me, the beginning of the year. The aroma of roasted green chile and fried potatoes garnished with onions, freshly made stove-top tortillas and roasted piñón permeated our mountain canyon *vecindario*. Most children from Canyon Road walked to school and back home, unafraid, and felt protected by *la gente* that lived in those adobe houses. What a wonderful sensation it was to run our feet through those tree leaves! I remember those red chile *ristras* that were hung in the sun by almost every family; those vivid colors which handsome Eliseo Vigil and Tommy "El Diferente" Macaione, had the talent to capture with their pallets and paint brushes.

Green, gold, orange and brown leaves began to be sprinkled with snow. Little blue-jays shrugging the frost, not really knowing which way to go; *urracas* (magpies) constantly

chattering, lingering foliage, stubborn life, refusing to see winter's approaching conditions. Storms came and left an immaculate blanket of snow which covered our *barrio's* imperfections. I can remember the packed snow that my two brothers and other schoolboys used to slide on by holding onto a vehicle, transporting them for a distance. There were the muddy dirt roads that looked like chocolate slush, which *los carros y las trocas* had splashed on the white-washed and adobe-colored houses; the snowballs which that boy, Lupe, threw in my eyes, and I wailed, "I'm going to tell my mama on you."

There are fond memories of the many neighbors and establishments on Canyon Road, like Precilio's Grocery and Gas Station and the dry cleaners directly across the street. There was Sara and Sylvia Chávez, who lived in a two-story house; los Rael, los Moya, los Roybal family store and bar, which later belonged to Silverio Martínez and after that became Claude's Bar and Lounge. There was Gormely's and Mrs. Rael's tamale factory, which she operated from her home; the Canyon Road Bar, with all its mystery; the Salazar store; Abarato Store; los Vigil; Toñita Contreras and her family; Marianita and Juan Romero and their family; Don Pedro Vigil and family; Stella Hernández and her mother; los Ortiz family; los Carrillo, who shared their well water with my Aunt Verna and my grandmother, Andreita Armenta Romero, when the *acequia* was murky or frozen; the home of my parents, Rubel and Ruth Armenta on the corner of Acequia Madre and Canyon Road; the majestic two-story adobe house of the Bernizers and los Guerra; los García; Tom Dominguez' Canyon Road Grocery and Liquor Store and his family; los Armijo; los Gabaldone; los Martinez family; los Rodriguez; los Alarid; and los Abeyta and *la familia Rios*.



Lydia Rivera is a writer and poet from Santa Fe.

Spiritual and material preparations for Christmas began on advent Sunday, when priests would announce Christmas season. After that, everything seemed to accelerate. On December 12, people celebrated *El día de Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe*. My father, Rubel Armenta, was busy at this time as were the men who worked for him—hauling, splitting, chopping and delivering wood for fuel as well as for the *luminarias*. Stacks of interlocked *ocote* was stacked in front of many of *la gente's casas*. *Los vecinos*, ignited *la leña*, and gathered around the *lumbre de las luminarias*, exchanging greetings. Some people sang *cánticos*.

Crismes would come and go. *El mes de enero* always seemed like a long, cold month. There were howling winds that blew snow and forced us to stay inside our *casas*. *Febrero loco* was a great time for me since it included my birthday and Valentine's Day. But Lent, a time of spiritual renewal, would also begin during this month.

March would sometimes drop a prolonged sheet of white snow that saddened most people, but what was even more unwelcomed, was the powerful wind. April brought hope and showers, and May was ushered in with a carpet of green, some flowers and tree blossoms.

June weddings; church bells ringing beauty surrounding us for the entire summer. My brothers and all the boys from the east side swam at "*la Crocha*," as they would dam up the water near the bridge by the Sosoya house. We thanked God, prayed for our needs and rain. As July and August arrived, so did the chile, venders in their trucks filled with that year's freshest crops! *Mamá*—as did the other women—would rush out to inspect and purchase some of the best "*melones, calabacitas, maize, chile verde, cebollas*," you name it, the venders had it! We prayed and thanked for all our blessings, as *mamá* told us to do, and with the next breath went out to play.

Nowadays, only a few traditional families live on *El Camino del Cañón*. The houses remain, but most of *la gente* have sold their properties and *la mayoría de la gente major se ha muerto*. Their ghosts and memories linger. These memories and many more sustain us all. It is wonderful to remember what our ancestors stood for, what their struggles were, the gossip, the joy, the tragedy, and the good and bad of life.

The only thing we can leave behind is a memory. Hopefully we can accept the positive as well as the negative, for once it is done, it is gone unless recorded. And once recorded it cannot be erased, at least not that easily.



Children play in the snow on Canyon Road. Photo courtesy Rubel Armenta.



Eliseo Armijo clears the cornfield in preparation for winter at his home on upper Canyon Road, circa 1930. Photo courtesy of grandson Eliseo Armijo.

A Farewell to El Escusado

by Viola Marta Lucero-Guzmán



Eo all of you baby boomers in Albuquerque who grew up in and around Old Town (La Plaza Vieja), Los Duranes, Griegos, Atrisco, Armijo, San José, Barelas, Candelarias, Alameda, Los Corrales, any town in New Mexico; and especially to those of you whose *escusado* (outhouse) was located somewhere in your backyard, let's take a trip down memory lane.

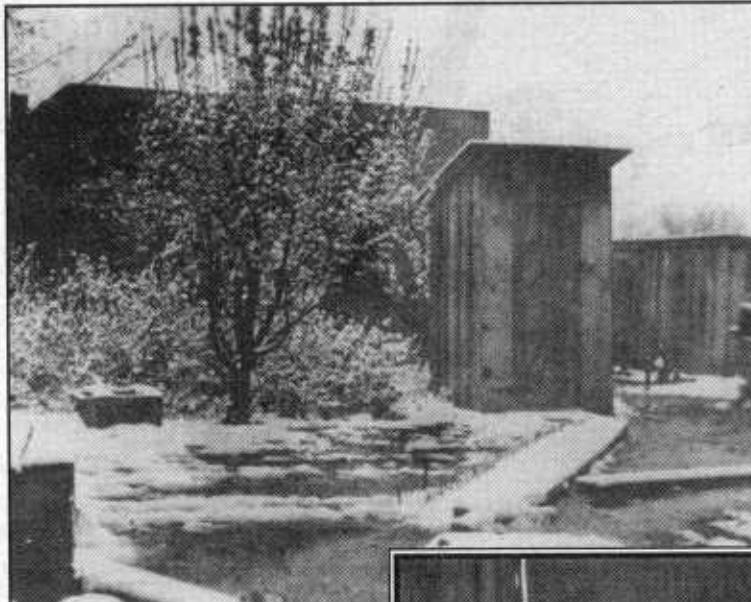
Too soon, many of us won't be around to talk to future generations about the simpler way of life we knew.

Our *escusado* was out by the *percha* (clothesline), and when it came time to find a new location for it, it became a community project. Neighbors rallied together to dig a new hole and eventually picked the outhouse up from its old location and placed it over the freshly dug hole.

There were different styles of *escusados*. Some were double occupancy, although I don't remember wanting to share the facilities with a pal. Some had small seating for little kids, and others had a nice toilet seat. My dad was not so creative. Ours was just a plain piece of lumber with a hole in it.

We sure could have used a good air freshener, especially in the summer! Winters weren't too bad if your *escusado* was well built. If there were any areas left uncovered, that freezing New Mexico wind whistled right through and made things uncomfortable. The things I dreaded more than the lack of air freshener, or the cold winds whistling through a cracked board, were the spiders! No one else had a problem with spiders. It seemed as though the spiders waited just for me—brown ones, black ones, *y algunas hueritas*.

Well, now that I think about it, maybe I shouldn't be reminiscing about *escusados*. People will think I'm weird, but really, folks, the humor in it is what makes *escusados* so interesting. Remember the stories after Halloween night? Every year, without fail, someone knocked down *un escusado* and there was a *viejito* inside! When you're



Escusados should have a place in history. Photo courtesy Museum of New Mexico, circa 1915. Negative No. 42844.

Some escusados were made for double occupancy.



a kid, you believe everything you hear, so of course we thought that was pretty hilarious.

We even had our own code words when we wanted to communicate to family or friends that we would be *en el escusado* like "el excuse me," or "el toledo."

A person was never lonely *en el excuse me*. *Las moscas* were loyal companions. There was always plenty of reading material that served two purposes: catching up on the latest styles, and the other purpose goes without saying. (I will mention that the phrase "roughing it" applies).

To those of you who roughed it and

survived and now have the luxury of indoor plumbing, may all your plumbing problems be solved with a mere plunger. In the winter, when those freezing New Mexico winds are blowing, take a moment to remember your comrades who caught colds, and possibly a rash or worse yet, a case of frostbite *en el excuse me*.

Viola Marta Lucero-Guzmán, a native of Los Duranes, Albuquerque, is a writer, poet and artist now residing in southern California.



La Envidia Keeps Us From Getting Ahead

By Fredrick Sandoval

Have you noticed the tremendous amount of pride New Mexico's Hispanics take in their heritage, traditional customs and values?

You're reminded of it every time you read an article or watch a TV program about Hispanics. After each story you probably feel a certain degree of pride or a renewed sense of connection with your Hispanic culture, history and heritage.

You might even reminisce about "how it used to be." Maybe you begin to understand what it was your *jefitos* were trying to say to you all those years about your *herencia*. Perhaps you've learned something about your culture you didn't know.

Each story reinforces the value of *la familia, hermandad, comunidad, reciprocidad, respeto, fe, o ayudando uno al otro*. In the end, the importance of helping one another, our families, our neighbors, and our community is rekindled.

Despite all the rich and inspiring tradition, the Hispano experience like any other has also included an unwelcomed and familiar companion—*la envidia*.

Envidia is an emotion with many faces. It makes you desire what you see in others or what they have that you wish you could possess. It can be very subtle, quiet and even invisible. It can also be dominating, heavy and overwhelm anyone it touches.

Elena Avila, a practicing *curandera* and registered nurse, refers to *la envidia* as "one of the most virulent and destructive diseases" that she has treated in her private practice. She says, "It permeates every cell of our spirit, soul, emotions and body, and our society is experiencing it in epidemic proportions."

Avila says that while *envidia* is normal. It becomes a disease when we start to hate a person, and in subtle or overt ways, set out to destroy him or her. We start to gossip and spread rumors about the person in an effort to discredit them. We steal their souls."

Envidia works like a lasso. If you're caught in its throw it pulls you back and binds your movement. Its searing rope can leave you burned and scarred, sometimes forever. At other times, it simply feels like a sting. The renowned mystic, Lao Tzu, said that "If you become proud and arrogant regarding your good fortune, you will naturally beget enemies whose jealousies despise you."

Few Hispanics dare admit to being *envidiosos*, but nearly everyone experiences this powerful emotion. Avila kiddingly claims, "Ninety-nine percent of the population has *envidia* and the other one percent is lying."

La envidia not only lurks in the shadows, but it also has a public face. This dark creature not only dislikes its enemies, but it even despises itself. And like a double-edged knife, it cuts both ways. Though *la envidia* is projected at others, it also overcomes *la persona que es envidioso*. You can't escape the double jeopardy of this emotional virus. *Lo peor es que la envidia es como el veneno de la culebra*.

Envidia is very much a social plague. It's contagious, and knows no boundaries. It affects those who are young, old, male, female, handsome, obese, rich and poor. *Envidia* is an equal opportunity disease, it doesn't discriminate. It affects us personally, our families, neighborhoods and entire communities.

Dr. Rudolfo Grano, a psychologist at the Las Vegas Medical Center, says, "We all have the capacity for envy." He says *envidia* is about socioeconomic



Envidia is an emotion with many faces. It makes you desire what it is you see in others or what they have that you wish you could possess.

status and the feeling of deprivation. For instance, we might ask ourselves, "Why is that they have and I don't?"

Not long ago, when VCRs first came out, families who were first to own them were the envy of the neighborhood. Before that it was eight-track players, color televisions, indoor plumbing and cars. Families who became envious often made it a point not just to possess these modern commodities, but also to out-do their *vecinos*. Grano likens this to "My dog is bigger than your dog."

Ay que lástima, todos quieren más y más!

We might think that *envidia* is a selfish reaction to someone else's gain or accomplishment, but *envidia* might also be a reaction to another's ill-gotten gains. For instance, Grano says that rural Hispanic families who sold their *ranchitos* to live in the cities often fell prey to outside land speculators, who knew the "capitalistic" value of land. By luring economically poor Hispanics away from their property, it bolstered their economic status.

He says this class envy even happened among Hispanics. He gave an example of Hispanic cattle-men who were referred to as *hombres grandes*. This label illustrates how social classes would differentiate between those persons whose resources were comparatively more valuable than the *pobre* who only raised *borregas y cabras*.

Today, *envidia* has a nasty reputation for diminishing the sense of unity amongst of Hispanics. There are even jokes to remind us of how *envidia* pulls us down. Like the one about the Mexican crabs. A couple vacationing along the Pacific Ocean observed a *mexicano* walking the beachfront with a bucket full of crabs. They were surprised that the crabs weren't falling out of bucket considering that it had no lid. They couldn't help but ask the

mexicano how he kept his crabs from falling out of the bucket.

He replied, "Don't you know? These are Mexican crabs. If one tries to get out the others pull him down."

With so much else tugging at us, it's a tragedy that we spend our time pulling ourselves and other Hispanics down. *La envidia es como una bola defierra hispana*. It's amazing how much time and energy we waste in the web of envy.

Avila's approach to treating *envidia* is to first admit that we they have it, which in itself is a giant step toward recovery. She also recommends *limpiadas* (spiritual cleansings) to aid in the treatment of *envidia* especially since *envidia* is considered one of the seven deadly sins.

Grano believes there is a positive aspect to *envidia*. He says, "If we can recognize that we have *envidia*, real or perceived, it enables us to see that what others have attained is doable, therefore, it is learnable."

You're apt to find *envidia* hovering around anyone experiencing success, fame, power, affluence, popularity, beauty, intelligence, talent, achievement, authority, athleticism or materialism.

Licensed professional social worker, Felipe Martínez, says that *envidia* "has become increasingly more evident amongst Hispanics as they've placed more value and importance on material goods and possessions." He was quick to cite one of his father's *dichos* that says, "Vale más causar envidia que no lástima." Which speaks to whether it is better to be envied for what you have than to be pitied for being impoverished — *en otra palabras, ser pobre*.

If we look back in history, do we know of any instances of *envidia*? Could it be that Padre José Antonio Martínez, a popular native New Mexican priest in the 19th century, was the envy of authorities who witnessed his display of incredible influence, power, knowledge and charisma in religious, political and social circles? Is it possible that he was an object of desire? What is this *envidia*? Could his accomplishments have fallen victim to something else? In other words, if he did it, it can be done. We need to develop a mentality of success.

This is clearly a prescription for success. If we make an effort to advance ourselves, in whatever number of ways, it helps us to protect our resources, which in turn, helps us to preserve our culture.

While Hispanics have in varying degrees veered away from some or many of our traditional values or customs, we can still draw upon the strength of our cultural belief of helping each other.

In today's modern and consumer-oriented world of New Mexico's Hispano, it takes a considerable amount of selflessness to appreciate and respect the individual and accomplishments and achievements of other Hispanics, no matter how great or small. Our ability to do so is a measure of our self-worth.

Frederick Sandoval is a native of Santa Fe with an interest in Hispanic culture.



Tey Diana Rebolledo

A WOMAN WITH A MISSION

by Kathryn Córdova

University of New Mexico professor Dr. Tey Diana Rebolledo is definitely a woman with a mission. "I have noted that there is little documentation of Hispanic women. A great part of my work centers around completing this task."

This mission manifests itself in publication form through the creation of several books. "I've always been interested in family history," she says. "My mother had photos of all the family. While I loved looking at all of them, I was most taken by the ones of the women, their clothes, their hair."

At this point, she shares an interesting story.

"My grandmother had this flowing, long hair," she motions downward, beyond her shoulders. "Grandma really wanted to cut her hair, and my grandfather wouldn't hear of it. She convinced the children to put gum in her hair, and that's how she got her way. Women in those days always got things done in their own right."

Rebolledo, born in Las Vegas, N.M., gained a lifelong love of education by its constant exposure from her Spanish professor father, Antonio, and mother, Esther Rebolledo. Life around New Mexico Highlands University and the Connecticut College for Women during her formative years reinforced a thirst and quest for knowledge. She received her bachelor's degree in Spanish from Connecticut College for Women, and master's in Latin American Studies at the University of New Mexico, and a doctorate in Spanish from the University of Arizona. Her work took her to Nevada and eventually back to Albuquerque.

When Rebolledo returned to her birth state, she joined UNM's department of Spanish and Portuguese. In her graduate Spanish courses, she noted a need for studies with women as the central focus. Thus, she joined the course of studies with this objective in mind, and eventually became the director of the UNM Women's Studies Program, one of the oldest of this type in the nation.

In an effort to promote the writing of her students and other Hispanic New Mexico women, she and University of New Mexico colleagues Erlinda Gonzales-Berry and Teresa



Dr. Tey Diana Rebolledo.
Photo by Miguel Gandert.

Márquez co-edited the creative writing anthology *Las Mujeres Hablan*. She also edited a later work, *Nuestras Mujeres*. This volume celebrated 500 years of New Mexico women as a project under the auspices of the New Mexico Quincentennial Commission and the Hispanic Women's Council. She refers to this as "a gerinal project," one which could easily spur future programs of this nature. Her third edited work, *Infinite Divisions*, also serves as a prime example of Chicana literature, published by the University of Arizona Press.

Her own work, *Women Singing in the Snow*, offers a cultural analysis of Chicana literature, including the works of the WPA writers Fabiola Cabeza de Baca, Cleofas Jaramillo and others. The Maxwell Museum and local book shops sell the work. The project began when she worked at the University of Nevada in Reno. "Around the country, I noticed that most of the women's works were self-published. Much of this work disappears or ends up in Rare Book Rooms. We need to collect it (this work) so it won't get lost," she speaks passionately. The professor-author adds, "Everyone thinks this particular literature began in 1968 with the Chicano movement. I've searched archives looking for cultural traditions of the colonial period. I found oral testimonies of Hispanas in California in the 1880s and '90s. Author H.H. Bancroft also cites similar examples in his *History of California*. Such accounts, however, were written by men, not women."

Early examples of female writings recently emerged from nuns in a South American convent. It's interesting to note that the work wasn't published in their days, but recently. Rebolledo advocates publishing recipes, customs and women's cultural experiences, some of which remain preserved by the likes of Nina Otero Warren and Blanche Grant.

She currently works on a new book *¿Y Donde Estaban Las Mujeres?* In this work, she tries to capture an established cultural connection with the colonial period, the WPA writers and other times. The publication honors María de Agreda, the Woman in Blue, the work of folklorists such as Elba C. deBaca and Josephine Córdova and the context of culture and the creative process passed from one generation to the next.

"I love to teach," she stresses. "I love the students and their creative process. Truthfully, I learn more from them." In addition to teaching Spanish, Rebolledo also enjoys her Contemporary Poetry, Women's Literature and Children's Literature courses.

Besides teaching and writing, Diana's other loves include cooking (especially tamales), painting walls (bright colors) and travel (anywhere possible).

She served as a visiting professor at Kansas State University last April. This past summer she presented *Las Locas and Local Women in Chicano Literature* at the University of Tampere in Finland. "The Europeans are enthusiastic about our literature, especially in England and France," she smiles.

The teacher-author-traveler credits a loving family as her main support system: husband Michael Passi and daughter Tey Marianna Nunn. Family, culture and history all weave to help Rebolledo in her mission. If Diana has her way, Hispana women will gain their rightful place in the world of public documentation.

Kathryn Córdova is a retired public school teacher and part-time journalism instructor at University of New Mexico, Taos. She is a free-lance writer and has won numerous awards from the New Mexico Press Women's Association.



The Rev. José Cubells

Y Su Tierra Adoptiva

by Anselmo F. Arellano

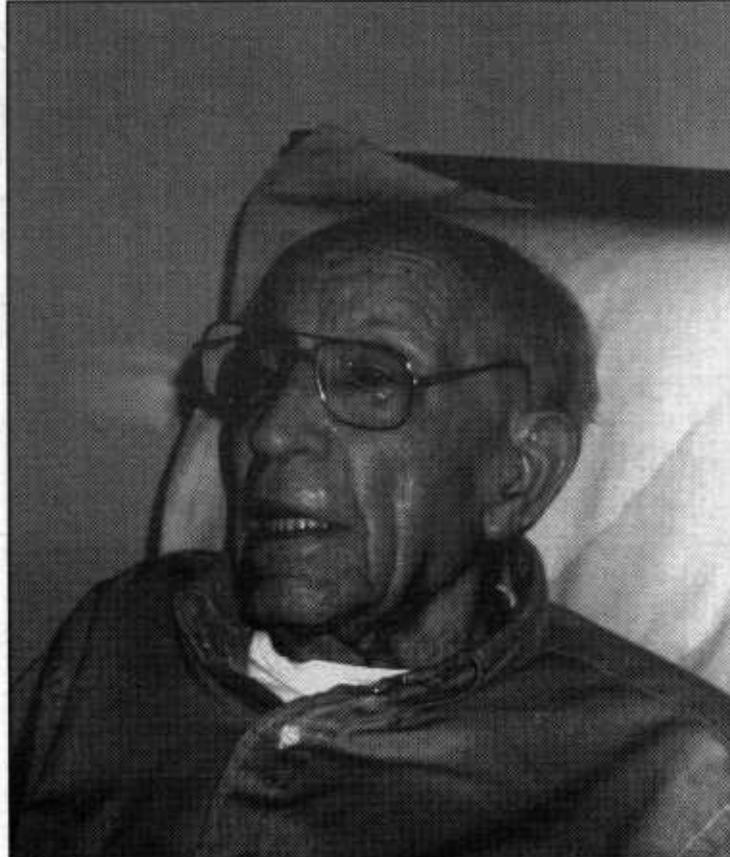
Conducting historical research can often take an individual through a maze of tunnels that might lead directly to rich sources of information. Other times, your search for specific information might result in futile, fruitless disappointment. But if you are determined and unrelenting, your perseverance can pay off. Such was the case in my search for Father José Cubells, a priest who was born in Spain, but who spent the greater part of his life in New Mexico, in particular Santa Cruz.

Years ago, I collected 50 articles and colorful essays that Cubells published in *El Nuevo Mexicano*, New Mexico's last Spanish newspaper published by native *nuevomexicanos*, and which ceased publication in 1958. He wrote these during an 11-year stretch from 1937-1948. In 1985, I found that Cubells was still at the Santa Cruz parish. With my friend and colleague, Julián Josué Vigil, I traveled from Las Vegas to Santa Cruz, hoping to find Cubells for an extensive interview about his life. We were disappointed when Father Marvin Archuleta told us that Cubells had retired and left New Mexico just two weeks prior to our visit.

Last year, I withdrew Cubells' articles from my research files and entered them into computer in a book format for publication. I still, however, only had a few sketchy biographical notes on him. Consequently, I renewed my search for Cubells, who would now be in his 90s.

A few phone calls led me to the Holy Family Seminary in Silver Spring, Md. "Father Cubells might still be there," I had been told. I called last fall, inquired about Cubells, and the voice at the other end told me, "Yes, Father Cubells is here and doing well. Do you want to speak with him?" The subsequent conversation led to a trip to Maryland, again with my friend Julián Josué. On July 15, we met Cubells at the seminary and began a videotaped interview.

José Cubells was born in the Catalonian community of La Figuera, in the high mountains of northern Spain. His grandfather was *alcalde* and civil administrator, and headed a family of prominent ancestry that included politicians, doctors, and attorneys. This type of civic involvement never interested José.



The Rev. José Cubells. Photo by Anselmo F. Arellano

Since he was a youngster, he thought about serving Christ as a priest, despite the fact that he had never served as an altar boy.

When Cubells was a young boy, his father, also named José, accidentally drowned while fording a river in a horse-drawn wagon full of kegs of olive oil. His mother, María Salvadó, remarried. Later, when he was 12 years old, young José Cubells boarded a train to Barcelona to enter the seminary, Colegio de la Sagrada Familia. In 1929, after he had become a priest and served the church in Spain, Cubells was brought to New Mexico by two of his mentors, Salvador Gené and José Teres.

Cubells first came to Del Norte, Colo., and in 1930 went to the Santa Cruz parish. During World War II, he served as an army chaplain in Buenos Aires, Argentina. He finally returned to his home parish of Santa Cruz, where he served for 32 years until he retired in 1985. Other parishes he served in New Mexico and Colorado during his 57 years in the two states include El Santuario de

Chimayó, Truchas, Córdova, San Ildefonso, El Guique, Monte Vista, Del Norte and Alamosa, in the San Luis Valley. He also taught school at Santa Cruz High School.

While in New Mexico, Cubells developed a fondness for Native Americans and their history, as well as the experiences of native Hispanos and the Spanish influence and presence in New Mexico. He became a self-trained historian and scholar, spending many hours conducting research in New Mexico's public records and church archives. In 1937, he wrote a series of articles that were published in *El Nuevo Mexicano*. Cubells' articles covered multiple themes, such as the history of churches in New Mexico, education, and stories about the Pueblo Indian community.

When asked for some of his fondest memories about New Mexico, Cubells mentioned the time he served at El Santuario de Chimayó, and the occasion when he served as chaplain at Los Alamos during the early part of World War II. The development of atomic energy and the atom bomb intrigued him, not to mention the fact that he was the first priest to say Mass at the hilltop community.

During his long life of 93 years, Father José has obviously witnessed many changes in society, especially New Mexico, where he lived for more than half a century.

This adopted son of New Mexico admitted emphatically that of all the places he lived, New Mexico was his favorite. Why? "*Porque Nuevo México tiene una gente muy diferente, un pueblo sencillo, pero muy sincero y noble.*" ("Because New Mexico has a people who are very different—they are plain, but highly sincere and noble.")

Anselmo F. Arellano, a Springer native, lives in Las Vegas, N.M., and works for the University of New Mexico as program director, Center for



THE TWISTED SYMBOLISM OF THE SWASTIKA

by Rita Younis

On March 7, 1918, Anton Drexler, a Munich locksmith, established a committee of independent workers in order to develop a nationalist viewpoint among working class Germans. In

January 1919, the German Workers' Party was formed. Adolf Hitler, then an instructor in the political department of Munich's District Command

Army, was sent to observe the meeting.

Within a short period, Hitler took over the party, ousted his associates and renamed it the Nazi Party. A parallel movement had developed in Vienna and in Sudentenland.

A symbol well known to the Germans was the twisted cross. The Viennese adopted a twisted cross as their symbol. Its recognition as the symbol for the "new movement" became popular quickly. Although the movements in Vienna and Germany had not united, they did keep in touch with each other. It was obvious that the movement was strong and taking control.

And so the Nazi Party became the party for Germany. In 1935, the official emblem of the Nazi Party became the swastika. The twisted cross with equal corners bent at right angles clockwise became the Aryan symbol of superiority.

The swastika, suavastika, ta'sita, is an ancient universal symbol. It appears on all continents except Australia. Its cultural range extends at least from higher savagery into the lower strata of civilization.

The Bureau of Ethnology Report to the Smithsonian Institute of 1904 states, "Thus the swastika is found as a symbol among many savage tribes, and it seems to be universal among barbaric tribes." It takes different forms and has different names. The "flyfoot cross" has long been known in the Orient. It also has a long history in Native American cultures of this country.

It has been a widespread wind symbol. Belief that the world is divided into regions — east, west, north, south, zenith, nadir, center — led to the sacred No. 7. The swastika's form can include anywhere from six to eight branches. The cross, or center, of the swastika

A St. Louis Rocky Mountain and Pacific Railroad Swastika Coal and Coke car, Cimarron, N.M., circa 1909. Photo by Edward Troutman, courtesy Museum of New Mexico. Negative No. 146894.

represents the north, south, east and west. The attachments can go in a clockwise or counterclockwise pattern. They represent the zenith, or high point of the sky, the nadir, which is directly opposite zenith, the center, representing our attachment to this world and man.

The Zapotec and Mayan ruins at Mitla show a border of swastikas on the walls. The ruins at Sicyatki in Arizona were explored by Dr. J. Walter Fewkes in 1895. Much of the prehistoric pottery that was collected at that time shows images of the swastika. It was also very prevalent in Hopi Kachinas and pottery. In the same Bureau of Ethnology Reports, there is a photo dated 1895 of a Hopi Kachina, Aya, with a swastika on both sides forming the head. The Hopi envisioned the symbol as a star sign with equal armed crosses formed by the approximation of four squares, leaving a central uncolored area. This area was thought to be the "Heart of the Sky."

The Zuñi version of the swastika uses six direct stems plus two added elements. Another report from the Bureau of American Ethnology Report from the turn of the century states, "The neighboring Zuñi Indians have a more highly differentiated concept in that their 'cult of the quarters' involves six directions (zenith and nadir in addition to the cardinal points), yet the symbol retains the original quatern form, with two added elements so placed as to destroy the symmetry of the figure."

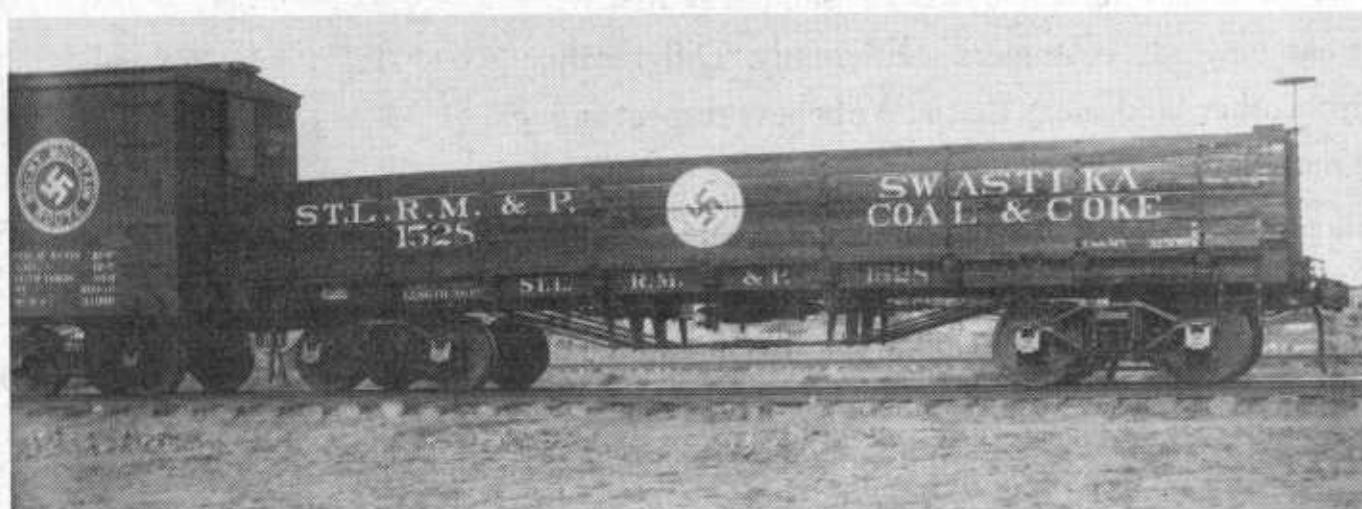
There are a lot of samples of the swastika in Pima baskets also dating back to the turn of the century. They are usually designed as double lines with five folds. Their name for the swastika, ta'sita, literally means prearranged. As the Pima beliefs are rather stringent, the swastika in their work is always very equal.

A coal mining town five miles west of Raton, N.M., was named Swastika. It was said to have been named after the Sanskrit word for "good fortune." It was a coal mining town owned by the St. Louis, Rocky Mountain and Pacific Company. This Gardiner-Swastika branch of the AT&SF railroad extended from Dillon, N.M., to Swastika for the purpose of shipping coal. In 1940, the name was changed to Brilliant.

The swastika also appears in Christian images. The church at Trampas, which is the oldest church in New Mexico, has swastikas engraved all around the altar rail. This is attributed to the participation of Native Americans and their influences while this church was being built.

How did this innocent symbol take the form of a black cross of death on a red flag, the sign of genocide for a generation? An article in *The New Yorker* (August, 1996) about Hitler revealed that he was not willing to stop at eradicating the Jews. He had visions of moving on. "Let's get rid of the Christians, too," he said.

Rita Younis is a fourth-generation tinsmith and free-lance writer whose family heritage dates back to 1598 in New Mexico.



Los Ancianos Hablan

PRESBYTERIAN *Inroads to the West*

by Epifanio Romero

On July 10, 1996, four of us went to Rancho de Chimayó to celebrate a birthday. We came together to celebrate the 487th birthday of John Calvin (you see, we were Presbyterians), who was, for all intents and purposes, the founding father of the reformed church we know as Presbyterian.

Although New Mexico was largely Roman Catholic from 1598 on, Presbyterianism made its influence felt here in the 19th century, thanks to a young man from the town of Bernalillo. The young man, whose name was José Inez, was the younger son of a prominent Spanish family named Perea. The older of the two became involved in politics and was elected to represent the Territory of New Mexico in the United States Congress during the administration of Abraham Lincoln. The younger son was sent to a school back east for his education. It was there that José Inez, for the first time in his life, held a copy of the Bible in his hands. (The Catholic Church forbade the masses to read the holy book.) He was well aware that reading the Bible was against the rules, but he read it anyway. In his mind and heart this was the Christian message. Some time later, while he was still in school, someone gave him his own Bible. From then on the book became his prized possession.

Upon returning home, Inez's thoughts, his attitude and his conversations revealed his new found faith. The relationship with his family soured and deteriorated to such an extent that he wandered to New Orleans, where he joined the crew of a merchant marine ship.

One day his ship sailed into port at Boston. It happened that an evangelistic convocation was going in the city. Inez attended the meeting and became friendly with a man with whom he shared his story of his adventures. The man offered to help Inez, and contacted the boy's family, persuading them to forgive their son and receive him in their home.

In time, José Inez inherited a large tract of land with livestock, sheep and money at a place called La Cinta, east of Las Vegas, N.M. He bought a house at Las Vegas and made it the headquarters for his business.

He had a helping hand in a friend from Boston who sent him Christian literature that he distributed, and from time to time, he and his friends made their way up north to several villages.

One day, a man from the east by the name of John Annin, a Presbyterian, arrived in Las Vegas. He had been sent to New Mexico to open a school and do the work of an evangelist. Inez met Annin, and with great joy welcomed him to New Mexico, promising to help him in every way possible. The two men built a church building in 1880, and the school continued to operate. Among the pupils who



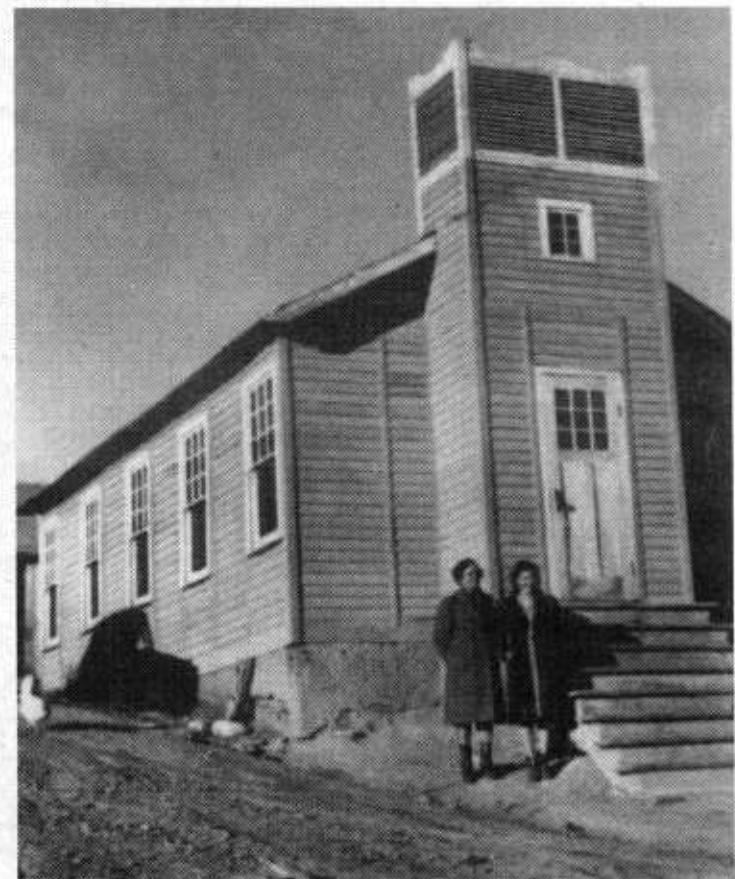
The late Rev. Gabino Rendón's Presbyterian ministry was one of great influence in the Southwest. Photo courtesy of Epifanio Romero.

attended school was Gabino Rendón. The Rendón family was very poor. Gabino's father was a buffalo hunter and expert horseman and as free as the wind. His hunting expeditions kept him away from home for long periods of time.

As a child, Gabino attended the public school, which was a school in name only. One day the teacher, who had had a drink that morning, punished Gabino for no reason at all. The boy never again attended the public school. Instead, he enrolled in Annin's school. This was good for him, but the experience did not last long. The Catholic church opened a school and expected all children to enroll in it. Gabino did so, and for the years that the school existed, he attended it. The school did not remain open and the children were left high and dry. In the meantime, Gabino's mother got sick and died. The family was heartbroken. To add to their sorrow, Gabino's father disappeared and no one knew where he had gone. Several months later, Gabino's grandfather got sick and died. Amazingly, Gabino's father returned home just as mysteriously as he had disappeared.

One day, one of the teachers at Annin's school met Gabino on the Plaza. "Why don't you come to our school?" she asked. "We will teach you how to read and write in English."

Gabino answered by saying that he would see if his sisters would come, but as for him, the answer was no. How could he? He was a young man, 19 years old, and would have to attend class with little children. But the invitation was not forgotten. He talked to his father about it and decided that if the teacher asked him again he would enroll.



A made-to-order Presbyterian church from the Montgomery Ward catalog in Córdova, N.M., circa 1935. Photo courtesy Epifanio Romero.

Not many days later, the teacher invited him again, and Gabino enrolled in the school. He learned fast, and since it was a church-related school, Bible study was an important subject. Shortly, he became a member of the Presbyterian Church. He also discovered that he had the gift of using words to tell stories. This discovery lead him to think seriously of preparing to be a minister. On the day he was ordained, he prayed, "Lord, twenty odd years I have done nothing to serve you. Give me twenty more years, so I can serve you." The Lord must have answered his prayer, for Gabino lived to within a few weeks of reaching his 100th birthday.

Meanwhile, the efforts of José Inez, John Annin and other men were bearing fruit. Chacón, Holman and Mora each had an organized church and an elementary school. Hundreds of children in these communities learned their ABC's and acquired a working knowledge of the three R's, reading, writing and arithmetic.

As Presbyterian churches back east increased their financial help to missions in New Mexico, individuals, both men and women, became interested in dedicating their resources, their talents, their skills and their lives, to serve the people of New Mexico as preachers, teachers, doctors and nurses.

Epifanio Romero, 88, is a retired Presbyterian minister and author who lives in Truchas, N.M.



La Poesía de La Gente

LUMINARIAS

Es la "Noche Buena" en Nuevo México,
las luminarias nos llaman.
Los que llevan el corazón triste,
la alegría se la ganan.

Como ángeles del cielo, anunciando lo del Niño, esos
Luceros de la tierra iluminan el camino.

A un humilde pesebre nos guían con amor, cada año es
más hermoso el cumpleaño del redentor.

Farolitos de la paz,
no se apaguen, por favor. Nuevo México y las posadas,
necesitan su incendio de amor.

Es la "Noche Buena" en Nuevo México,
las luminarias nos llaman.
Como luceros de la tierra,
a todo el mundo encantan.

[Of course every New Mexican is familiar with the traditional *luminarias* at Christmas. However, not until a New Mexican moves away from her beloved hometown does she truly appreciate the awesome beauty of the tradition, keeps it in her heart and never forgets.]

Viola Marta Lucero-Guzmán

una flecha lanzó cupido

una flecha
lanzó cupido
y pegóme
en mi pobre corazón

un relámpago
me estremeció
y las olas de mar

una fresca brisa
me acarició
y conmigo la luna
sonrió

yo cautivo soy
de tus labios
de tus ojos
de tus brazos

y esclavo
de tus besos
de tu mirada
de tu ser

ahora soy tuyo
tuyo
tuyo
Totalmente tuyo



Felipe C. Gonzales, born in Albuquerque, N.M., is a retired educator, writer and poet with roots in the La Joya and San Acacio, N.M., area.

ODA A LA SIERRITA DE LOS LADRONES

Sierra solitaria y misteriosa,
¿Porqué te nombraron así?
Será porque tus misterios y secretos,
Los tienes ocultos en tu monte.

En mi juventud pasé muchos días,
Trabajando y gozando de tu grandeza.
Ahora que he vuelto a pisar tu tierra,
Mis impresiones de tí son más fuertes.

Con tus peñascos dando vista al cielo,
Y yo parado al pie de la sierra.
Parece que me dicen con claridad,
Yo y yo nomás soy dueño aquí.

Es increíble imaginar,
Al pasar calmantes valles y cañadas.
Que pasar tu fragoso terrenal,
Lleguemos a esta soledad.

Las lluvias de los días,
Y el sereno de las noches.
Parece que las aprovas,
Con gusto y agraciamiento.

El Arco Iris en su esplendor,
Parece que le dice a todo el mundo.
Ahora sí pueden salir todos,
Y gozar de la frescura del ambiente.

Llegamos al fin de otro dia,
El Sol, la capa de los pobres.
Se va metiendo en el horizonte
Para dar la bienvenida a la Luna.



Ralph I. Chávez, 83, was born in Albuquerque, N.M., and is the author of several poems.

AMANECER

Comienzan los gallos a repicar
como campanas anunciando
el fallecer
de una negra noche
y espero con fe
el resplendor
de un nuevo día.

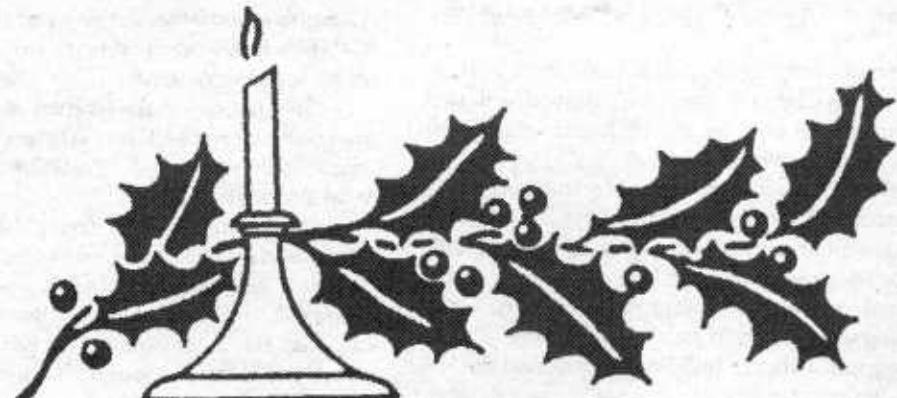
Y mis pensamientos negros
también fallan
así como mis pesadillas
al amanecer el resplendor
de Dios.

DAWN

The roosters begin to ring
like bells announcing
the death
of the dark night
as I wait with faith
the dawning of a new day.

And my dark thoughts
also die like my sorrow
at the dawning
of God's splendor.

Rubén T. Abeyta was born
and raised in the village of
Abeytas, south of Belen,
N.M. He currently is retired,
lives in Las Cruces, N.M.,
and has been writing for the
past 17 years.



¡Qué Cansancio!

¡Qué Cansancio!
Es un cansancio de tanto pensar,
No, nomás son pensamientos de mi mente,
Son de un lugar profundo, de mi ser entero,
De un lugar que justamente voy descubriendo,
Pero al mismo tiempo ya he vivido.
¿O son sentidos de esos lugares?

No sé, no estoy segura,
No quiero pensar más, o sentir más, No hoy, quiero des-
cansar,
Por favor, Dios, quiero descansar.

Ay! Bueno pues,
Creo que son los dos,
Pensamientos y sentimientos.

Es falta mía,
Yo te dí y, pedí de Tí,
En una oración, en muchas oraciones,
"Aquí estoy Dios,
¿Quéquieres de mí?"

Y ahora nomás pienso en Tí,
De sentimientos de corazón,
De la vida, de la muerte,
De eternidad, De cosas espirituales,
De este mundo, del cielo.

De días pasados, de más allá,
Del día presente, de aquí y ahora,
De días que van a venir,
De sueños y visiones y presentimientos.
Y ahora nomás quiero escribir de los pensamientos que
siento, Y de allí viene el cansancio.

Ya no puedo ni dormir,
Me despierto en media noche,
Pensando de algo,
De palabras y más palabras.

No puedo mirar nada,
Un árbol, el cielo, el sol,
Una montaña, una flor,
Una niña, un niño, una persona,
Nadie, nada, hecho de manos suyas o de manos de hom-
bre, Sin verlos en palabras.

Bueno Señor, ayúdame pues,
Quiero escribir todo lo que pienso y siento,
En una manera bien y justa,
Quiero dejar algo importante en esta vida,
Algo duradero, eterno.

Palabras escritas de mí, que vienen de Tí,
Por lo demás, por todos,
Palabras para siempre y hasta cuando.

¡Que Cansancio!
Es un cansancio de tanto pensar y sentir,
De pensamientos y
sentimientos,
De palabras y más palabras

Carmen Montaño-Gonzales, a
Gallup, N.M., native, works for
the Department of Justice and
is currently on assignment in
Japan.



ODE TO OLD SANTA FE

Memories provoke visions
Flashbacks in time
Captured as in frames
Moving sequences
Of days gone by
When life was simpler
History recorded by grapevine
When neighbor was relative
Or of distant kinship
Walk to school child
Carry your log
Warm your body
Learn to read, to write
Speak the new language
Forget your parents'
Outmoded philosophy
Embrace the new ways
Gather your seeds
Plant them well
Someday all you are
Will be no more

LAMENT LAMENT
AND THE PEOPLE SLEPT
AND THE POLITICIANS WORKED

Remember Grandma's house
The smell of kerosene
That lit the lamps
And ignited the fire
When dogs were guardians
Of homes
Once allowed to bark and protect
To alarm the master
The well that was outside
In the patio
That quenched the thirst
The element that satisfied necessities
The lilacs in bloom
The neighbor's fruit
Green and ripe
The apple and apricot
We took

LAMENT, LAMENT
AND THE PEOPLE SLEPT
AND THE POLITICIANS WORKED

Abuelita is gone
Dead and buried
Much of what she was
Is too
The walk to the Plaza
Along El Camino Cañón
In every season
Those people
Once the established strength
Gone, gone
Sold their land
Necessity was the reason
Or was it avarice

LAMENT, LAMENT
AND THE PEOPLE SLEPT
AND THE POLITICIANS WORKED

Seasons change
Fall scattered her foliage
With seasonal carpets of gold
Winter covers the ground
In a blanket of white
Hiding Santa Fe's imperfections
Febrero loco
March a bit also

Rainy April
Brings forth May
Beautiful and flowered

Walk to school child
Frost bites your toes,
Fingers and chin
In the end
You will be strong
Weep no more
Warm your body
With the piñón and cedar
Prepared by the woodman

LAMENT, LAMENT
AND THE PEOPLE SLEPT
AND THE POLITICIANS WORKED

Lydia Rivera

EN TU AUSENCIA

Todavía entro a tu ropero
Abrazando tus túnicas y
Manchando tus zapatos con
Mis lágrimas
Y todavía espero el día que
Me pueda tomar una taza de atole
Sin ti
Pero en seis años
No ha llegado ese tiempo.

Quisiera poder enterrar
Mi cara en el encaje de tu
Camisón para resollar los olores
Consoladores de alcanfor y
Espíritos de poleo una vez más.
Así pudiera revertirse este dolor
Frío que queda en tu ausencia.

Nadien me entiende,
Aunque hablo las mismas palabras
Que me enseñaste de amor, fe
Respeto, honor, confianza y
Esperanza.
Ya ni amigos tienen valor en
Esta Tierra, sólo en nuestros
Corazones y memorias lejanas.

La sociedad se pone máscara
Queriendo rellenarse con avaricia
Y odio para esconder el dolor vacío,
Cuando el amor sólo
Puede llenar el vacío.
Pero ya se les olvidó.
¡A mí no se me olvida!
Yo amo aunque no está recibido.
Así me enseñaste.

Pero ya tú sabes sin tener
Que decirte. No pasa un día
O un momento
Que no me estás cuidando.
En veces te puedo sentir pasar cerca,
Llenándome con alegría.
Yo sé que un día
Vamos a estar juntas otra vez.

Liddie Martínez is a bilingual writer
and poet residing in the Española
Valley. Her poem "Homesick for
New Mexico" was recently pub-
lished in the national anthology
Windows of the Soul.



Saints & Seasons

by Pedro Ribera-Ortega

After a delightful summer and a more pleasant autumn, we have come to winter, which is another season by which New Mexicans and all the Southwest learn to appreciate what *mi Tatita Dios nos regala, cada año: cuatro distintas estaciones climáticas del año corriente*. I can't imagine wanting to live in another part of our country without these four distinct seasons.

Each season has its own character and atmosphere. We have every year to accustom ourselves to the gradual change from one season to the next, yet each represents what the varied saints of the church year do: enjoy and participate in the greatness of God, whose seasons, like the saints of each month, are so different and multifaceted.

The month of December brings us some true beauties of sainthood. Because of her popularity in New Mexico, let me begin with the Saint of the Immigrants, Mother Cabrini, whose full name is Mother Frances Xavier Cabrini, from Italy. Wanting to become a missionary to China, she instead was told by Pope Leo XIII, "Not to the east, my daughter Cabrini, but to the west." And so she came with a few of her new missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart to metropolitan New York, where her Italian immigrant people needed encouragement in order to preserve the Catholic faith they were losing because of a scarcity of missionary priests and sisters.

Mother Cabrini became a naturalized American citizen. She also was the first citizen to be canonized for her nationwide and, later on, worldwide apostolate to the poor and sick.

New Mexicans are happy that among her three major U.S. shrines—that of New York, where she is buried, another in Chicago, where she died and one in Golden, Colo., near Denver, where she worked among her Italian miners and orphans—there is one close enough for a pilgrimage.

December brings us favorite pre-Christmas fiesta, that of December 8, the Immaculate Conception, followed right after by the December 12, which is that of Santa María de Guadalupe, Río de Luz y Salud de los Enfermos, as our Holy Father wants the Americas to call her as we pray.

December 16 through December 24, or



Mother Cabrini shrine in Golden, Colo.

hasta La Noche Buena, we do participate en *Las Posadas*, where the Holy Family sought lodging before the birth of Christ. Join *Las Posadas* in your community, barrio or church and prepare your mind, body and soul for a fruitful *Fiesta del Nacimiento del Mesías Prometido*.

In January, while we begin the *año nuevo de 1997*, together with some good resolutions, we celebrate the following fiestas: *La Fiesta de los Magos, de los tres santos reyes* who represented the Gentile world. Join the Caballeros

De Vargas in the oldest of our medieval Christmas drama plays *El Auto de los Tres Reyes Magos* to close the Christmas season. Each year, this is the Caballeros De Vargas Christmas gift to Santa Fe.

The second Sunday in January gives us the feast of *La Sagrada familia de Nazaret*, which should be a model for our own families. The Catalan priests of Chimayó promote a monthly visit to some parish home, where a miniature *altarcito de la sagrada familia* visits the families and invites family prayer.

January 21 brings us *Santa Inés del Campo, Patrona de Cazadores*.

El mes de febrero brings us "the blessing of throats" with the feast of San Blas, who is the patron of sickness. **February 2** gives us a double commemoration: that of the presentation of our Lord in the temple and *la purificación de María Santísima*.

February 6 is a favorite of mine because of the Franciscan influence in Santa Fe and New Mexico. *La fiesta del mártir y primero santo de México, San Felipe de Jesús*, one of 24 Franciscan and Jesuit martyrs of Nagasaki, Japan, in the 16th Century. Trampas Mission has a figure of Felipillo, *el criollo de México* who was lanced to death as a Christian.

February 9 brings us another of the 14 holy helpers, Santa Apolonia, the patroness of dentists, whose martyrdom included the destruction of her teeth.

February 10 gives us St. Scholastica, the twin sister of San Benito de Nursia, the father of Western Monasticism called Benedictinism. She also was the founder of the Monastic nuns.

February 11 and 18 brings us to the anniversary of the apparitions of the Immaculate Conception at Lourdes, France. We call Chimayo's Shrine of Esquipulas, the Lourdes of New Mexico, for there we go to pray and meditate.

Pedro Ribera-Ortega is the founder and director of the Truchas/Ortega Research Center.



MIS TIEMPOS

by Julián Josué Vigil

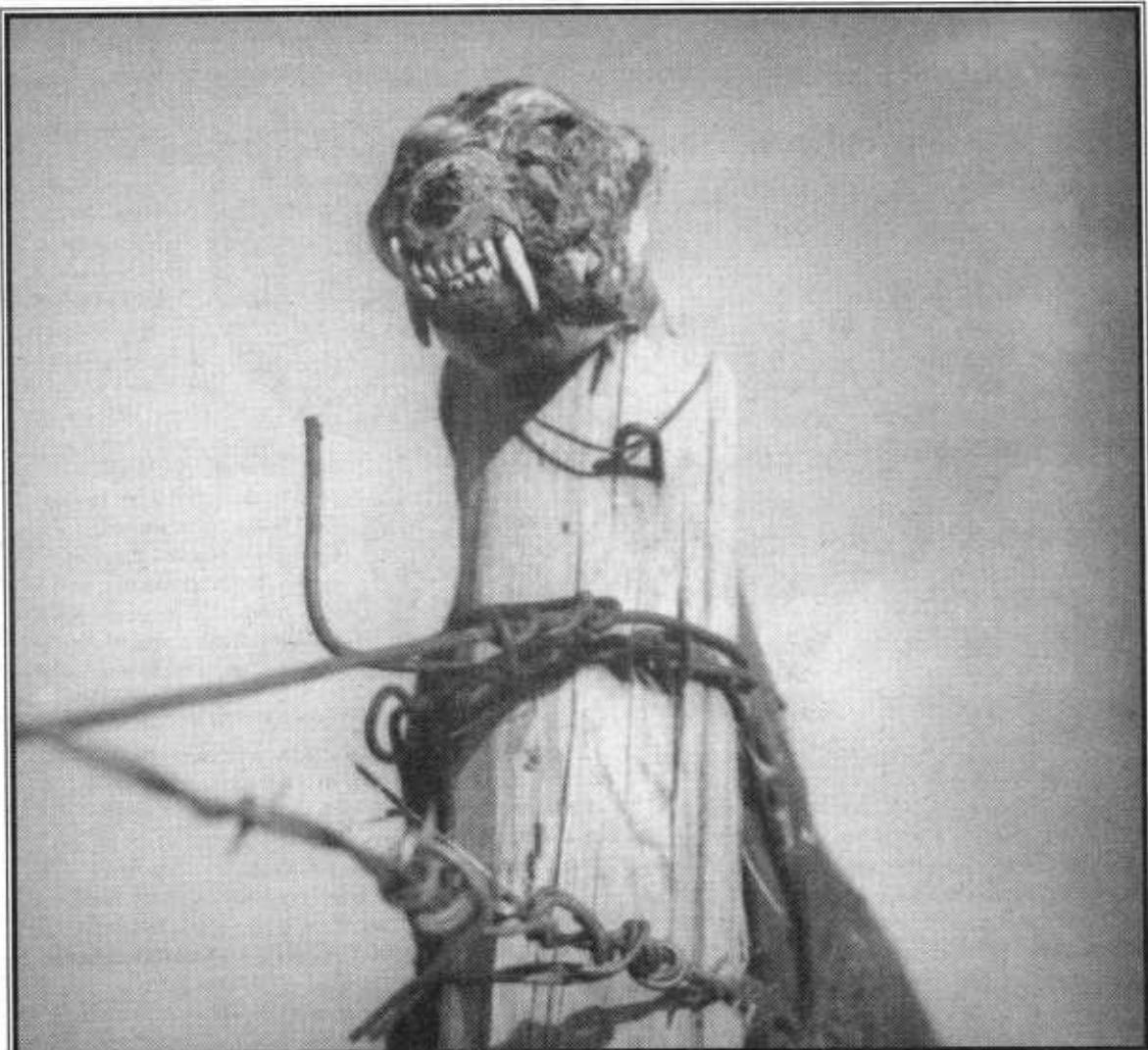
(Guadalupita, Dec. 28, 1992)

This Monday night I was awakened by the sound of coyotes howling nearby, perhaps somewhere in the arroyo, close to the chicken house that my father has fortified against predators to protect his flock of 13, which includes 10 layers and three roosters. The howl must have been loud, for I sleep like the proverbial log, and I was now fully awake. I slid out of my warm bed in a sweat and into the freezing cold of the northern bedroom, where I was sleeping, and finally felt my shoes in the darkness with my feet, before I could make my way to the east window facing the patio and the bridge crossing the arroyo. My mother had said earlier that she had seen several small coyotes prowling there the previous Wednesday, and I was hoping to catch a glimpse of them too.

No such luck! I could still hear the howling, but it was fading fast into the distance. I grabbed my jacket and rushed into the patio, trying not to make much noise, but the coyotes were long gone. In less than a minute or so, they had fled the area, and all I could experience was a barely audible "oooh" that blended with the ethereal whoosh of a light breeze which eliminated any sense of direction or any sound. Then dogs barked in the distance, in the direction of El Coyote, indicating that the litter had fled down the arroyo and gone along the river about a quarter-mile away from the village. How fitting, I thought, *coyotes going toward Coyote!*

There I was in the middle of our patio, in my pajamas and jacket, searching for long-gone coyotes and trying to imagine hidden meaning to my experience. Perhaps a myth? None came to mind, since the ancient Greeks and Romans had never heard that howl. A legend? Yes, I could break into an intellectual, pedantic whirlwind with all sorts of coyote tales, giving it a pseudoprimeval air with folk motifs, but I have never sought such etiological tingles in my soul.

How about a touch of sociolinguistics, then, comparing Chicano-Anglo children to the animals that I sought? Naw, too easy. I could have rehashed an old family story about the time that my grandmother told my brother, "Meet your new cousin, but speak to him in English, because he's a coyote." And he, not grasping the significance of the latter phrase, walked up to the child's crib and addressed



A coyote skull is tied to a fence post, circa 1940. Photo courtesy Museum of New Mexico. Negative No. 101966.

the following words to him, "Hello! You'll be running to the chickens," interrupting himself to warn his elder about the half-breed relative. "You'd better be careful with this one, if you value your hens."

There I stood in the middle of the patio, an antihero feeling the accumulating effects of the winter cold outdoors at 4 o'clock in the morning. I went back inside, straight to my warm bed, which was all that could have any meaning at that hour.

I tried to get some rest, but sleep evaded me for a while.

Instead, I mused on an apochryphal New Mexican account that Father George in Las Vegas had related some years earlier, about a young schoolboy who bet a friend that he could make his own grandmother howl like a

coyote. "Grandma," the boy asked her, "how long has it been since Grandpa's kissed you?"

To that, the sweet old lady answered, raising her head, "Uuuuh." (Of course, it had been so long, that she could not remember.)

With a smile on my face, I again attempted sleep, for I had "understood" the call of the wild.

Julián Josué Vigil of Guadalupita considers himself fortunate to have been born New Mexican, Catholic, and Spanish-speaking. He has a doctorate in English.





RECETAS

by Stella Tafoya

help, and as I got older, I got to do more. Eventually, I learned the art of twisting the ends together, almost as perfectly as

Aunt Beca. It truly was an art. If you didn't seal the ends together, they would burst in the hot oil. And though not pretty, they still tasted great.

Next day we would cook *biscochitos*. Mom did all the dough preparation, and I got to use the cookie cutters to cut the Christmas shapes, then dip them into the cinnamon and sugar mixture. Then the cookies would bake, and of course my brothers and I were there to help test them to make

sure they were just right.

The last thing we made were *chile rellenos*. I'm not sure many people make them like my mom, but they can't deny they are a treat. My mom would cook up a couple roasts, grind them up, add chopped green chile, form them into little oval shapes, drop them in an egg batter and fry them up in oil. After draining the oil, you could not help but eat at least a dozen. They were one treat that never lasted long, at least not at our house.

So year after year, when Aunt Beca would come, we would do our Christmas cooking and baking. And I learned how to do my share. Eventually, Aunt Beca stopped coming, because of the arthritis in her hands, and my mother and I, and maybe a sister-in-law or a cousin, would do the cooking. As we all got older, the tradition continued.

When my mom got older, her heart was not well. She became winded very easily. I knew that the Christmas tradition was now in my hands. I didn't want to let my mom down. Now I was making the *biscochitos* and the *chile rellenos* by myself. I had paid careful attention in the years when helping, and with the help of written recipes, I managed to make my mom proud.

In the last year of my mom's life, I was able to show her that she had taught me well. My only downfall was not learning how to make the *empanadita* dough. I tried, in her last year, to do it all myself, but I came up short. She was lucky, though, because she got the two dozen I did manage to make. I quit because it was so hard.

Maybe this year, when Christmastime arrives again, I will try again to make *empanaditas* the way my mom and my Aunt Beca taught me. Hopefully,

I'll get it right this time.

Meanwhile, I have a daughter who is learning the same tradition one step at a time. Hopefully, I will be as good a teacher as my mom and Aunt Beca were, so that my daughter will be able to carry this tradition on.

Biscochitos

- | | |
|--|--------------------|
| 1 | lb. pure lard |
| 2 | cups sugar |
| 2 | eggs |
| 6 | cups flour |
| 3 | tsp. baking powder |
| 1 | tsp. salt |
| 2 | tsp. anise seed |
| Small glass sweet wine, brandy or tequila | |
| 1/2 cup sugar and 1 tsp. cinnamon mixed well | |

Cream sugar and lard until creamy. Add eggs and anise seed and cream some more. Sift flour, salt, baking powder and mix with first mixture. Add liquor to hold together. Roll out on floured board 1/4-inch thick and cut in fancy shapes with cutters. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and bake at 350 degrees until brown.

Chile Rellenos

- | |
|--|
| 1 rump roast |
| Green chile, chopped, seasoned with salt and garlic powder |

Cook roast, drain juices and fat, cool, then grind. Add chile to desired taste. Roll into little oval-shaped balls, using about 1 tablespoon of chile meat. Set out on floured wax paper. Once you have all the balls rolled, prepare a large, heavy pot with oil for frying. Once oil is ready for frying, prepare egg batter.

Use 3 eggs at a time, because using more will result in a flat mixture. Separate the egg whites, beating until stiff. Add 1 tbs. flour and a dash of salt. Put some of the batter into a cereal bowl and spoon 35 *rellenos*. Cover and drop into hot oil, frying until golden brown on both sides. Remove from oil and drain on paper towels. You will need to repeat the egg mixture several times, depending on how much meat you use.

Stella Tafoya was born in Albuquerque, N.M., and currently lives in Colorado Springs, Colo.



I am sure any young girl growing up in a Hispanic family has memories of baking at Christmastime. I am the youngest of five children in my family and the only girl. I was the one who helped Mom do all the holiday baking, and I have fond memories of learning the secrets of New Mexican baking.

Ever since I can remember, my great-aunt, Rebecca Baca, Aunt Beca as we called her, would visit every December. She would make our home her home, while we did all the baking. It was a treat having her visit since she lived in Santa Fe, and we loved seeing her any chance we could.

I remember all those cold December days and nights. Sometimes, when I was lucky, there was even snow outside. We would get the kitchen prepared with all the ingredients, and my brothers and my dad would make themselves scarce while we women would begin our work.

One night we would make *empanaditas*. My mom and Aunt Beca would do all the hard work. They would cook the meat, mix the ingredients, prepare the dough and heat the oil in the frying pan. I got to fill the little tortillas.

Aunt Beca would then pinch the sides together, then turn the little edges over, one after another, until it looked like a work of art. Then they would drop them into the hot oil until they browned just right, then set them on paper towels to drain. The smell of the *empanaditas* would attract my brothers, eager for the first taste. And taste is all they got, grabbing what they could before being scolded to wait.

Throughout the years, I did what I could to

Rincón de Yerbas

By Anselmo F. Arellano



Guaco (Rocky Mountain Bee Plant)

The familiar *guaco*, or Rocky Mountain Bee Plant is plentiful and can be found along many roadsides. It is adorned with purple and white flowers that contain a lot of nectar—another reason why it is called the “bee plant.” The plant’s petals are carefully removed so they are not damaged. They are steamed with enough water to keep them from drying. A handful of corn and three cloves are placed in a small sack and boiled with the petals for three hours, and then the sack is removed. The corn eliminates the plant’s bitter taste, and the leaves can also be eaten like *quelites* with good results for stomach disorders. It is also said that the leaves can be applied to welts and poisonous insect bites with good results.

Pueblo Indians make the black dye used in their clay pots from the bee plant. The potters from San Ildefonso make beautiful designs on their stoneware with the dye. The thick liquid for dye is obtained through a long boiling process. It can later be dried in the sun and stored for long periods of time. The Tegua Indians mix the dry substance with hot water, fry it in grease and eat the mixture.

The leaves from the bee plant can be dried and preserved to be eaten during the winter months. They have to be picked early before the stems have grown too long. The leaves are removed from the stems and dried in the sun. While they are being cooked, the water should be drained several times and replaced with fresh water each time. When they are served on the dinner table, it is said that they taste better than canned spinach.

Lana de Agua

Lana de Agua in this case alludes to a form of green wool-like substance that during a certain time of the year is found in New Mexico streams and rivers. It was a useful remedy that was used in stopping nosebleed. It was applied to the neck or area of the throat and left there until it changed to a yellow color.

Lemita (Squaw Bush)

The shrub that produces the squaw bush berry is said to be a first cousin to poison ivy and poison oak. The relationship ends there, because no one seems to know of anyone having suffered any ill effects from having been in contact with the bush.

This bush, or shrub, can be found along arroyos and along the furrows of cultivated fields. Sometimes it can also be found in open, uncultivated land. As a general rule, the bush is resistant to dry weather. The berries are similar to lentils in appearance, and they grow in small clusters that turn red when they ripen. The fruit has a fuzzy, oily appearance. The taste is bitter, but not completely disagreeable. Those who eat it say it gives them a tingling sensation in the gums, probably due to its bitterness.

When the first Spanish colonists came to New Mexico, they discovered that the Indians made common use of the squaw bush berries. In addition to using the berry for medicinal purposes, they used the smaller, tender stems from the bush to weave baskets. These baskets were highly valued for their pleasant, perfume-like smell. Whenever it is in full bloom, the squaw bush emits an agreeable fragrance.

During the late season when the berries are ripe, the Indians, according to our elders who knew them well, would gather the berries, dry them and grind them for multiple uses during the winter months.

The native people were accustomed to pulling out the roots, peeling off the skin and drying it. It was later ground and used to heal pyorrhea or bleeding gums.

Guaco

El guaco familiar que abunda en los lados de los caminos adornándolos con una profusión de florecitas blancas y orquídeas, contienen gran cantidad de néctar — por lo cual se llama la yerba de la abeja. Las hojas de la planta son arrancadas con mucho cuidado, para no lastimarlas. En seguida se hiervan con poca agua nomás a modo de no estar secas. Un puñado de maíz y tres clavos (especia) se echan en un saquito hirviéndose con la preparación antedicha durante tres horas, sacándose el saco, en seguida. El maíz le saca el sabor amargo, y las hojas se pueden comer como quelites con resultados benéficos por aquellos que sufren del estómago. También se estima que si las hojas son machacadas y aplicadas a una hinchazón, estas tienen el efecto de aliviar las picaduras de insectos ponzoñosos.

Los indios de los pueblos han descubierto que la

pintura negra que utilizan para dar color a su loza de barro se puede cuerpo humano, esta es la única defensa que el sistema humano tiene para protestar cuando lo atropellamos.

Lana de Agua

Lana del agua en este caso quiere decir una especie de lana verde muy común en cierta temporada del año en las corrientes de Nuevo México. Esta se estimaba como un remedio muy provechoso; en casos cuando se sangraba la nariz se aplicaba a la parte posterior del cuello o nuca dejándola hasta que cambiaba a un color amarillento.

Lemita

El arbusto que produce la lemita se dice que es primo hermano de la hiedra y de la encina venenosa, pero, el parentesco parece terminar allí, porque no se ha dado cuenta de alguno que haya sufrido de malos efectos por estar en contacto con la planta de lemita.

Este arbusto se propaga en las orillas de los arroyos y bordos donde forman linderos las tierras de labranza o en el campo abierto donde no hay cultivación. Por regla general, resiste bien la sequía. El fruto es semejante en apariencia a las lentejas y crece en racimos, que al madurarse, se ponen de color rojo. El fruto es velludo, y tiene una apariencia aceitosa. El sabor es agrio pero no del todo desagradable. Quienes le comen dicen que les da dentera, quizá por la agrura.

Cuando los primeros colonos españoles vinieron a Nuevo México, descubrieron que los indios hacían uso común del fruto de la lemita. Además de sus cualidades medicinales, se utilizaban los tallos más tiernos del arbusto para tejer cestas. Estas cestas eran muypreciadas por el perfume que contenían, ya que una vez que se tocán los arbustos cuando están cubiertos de hojas despiden un olor muy agradable.

En la temporada cuando el fruto se maduraba, los indios, según el decir de los ancianos que les conocieron, ellos lo recogían y lo secaban y después lo molían para utilizarlo del modo que fuese más conveniente en la temporada invernal.

Entre la gente nativa se acostumbraba sacar la raíz. Pelaban la cáscara del palo, la cual se secaba, y se molía en polvo utilizando para curar la piorrea o encías que sangraban fácilmente.

Salud de la Gente

by Michele Jaquez-Ortiz

It's that time of year again. Grandma's *pastelitos*, Aunt Mary's homemade tamales and freshly-baked *bizcochitos* at nearly every house we visit. It's a good thing the holiday season comes only once a year. Otherwise, we'd eat this way all the time and perhaps some of us would actually become obese. *Verdad?* The sad truth is that we Hispanics are generally more overweight as an ethnic group, and our rate of obesity is increasing.

The United States is one of the most obese countries in the world, with an overall prevalence of about 25 percent of the total population. Studies show that almost 30 percent of Hispanic men and nearly 50 percent of Hispanic women in the U.S. are obese. The term "obesity" refers to an abnormal amount of fat on the body, and is generally used to describe a person who has over 30 percent body fat, meaning about one-third of his or her body is made up of fat. Body fat composition can be tested at most local exercise facilities.

The reasons for obesity are unclear, but most experts agree that diet, physical activity and heredity are contributing factors. In fact, children who have obese parents are 10 times more likely to become obese adults than children who have parents of normal weight. Another contributing factor to obesity can be an environment in which unhealthy eating habits are reinforced in families.

"What's happening among Hispanics, as with other populations, is that we're seeing more out-of-house employment of both the mother and the father, and it's easier to eat fast foods that are extremely high in fat," said Dr. Charles Maestas, a primary care physician with St. Vincent Hospital's Pojoaque Family Practice Clinic. Maestas' medical practice is comprised of about 50 percent Hispanic patients from northern New Mexico, one-third of whom he estimates are obese. He refers to the problem of obesity as "a growing epidemic" and attributes much of the blame to dietary choices and an increasingly sedentary lifestyle.

"Many Hispanics no longer make their own tortillas or incorporate fresh, homegrown foods into their diets as their grandparents did," he said. "Today our kitchens are full of greasy potato chips, donuts and pastries. We're also less physically active, and the result is an increased calorie intake and decreased calorie expenditure."

Maestas points out that obesity can lead to other serious health problems, including an elevated risk of adult-onset diabetes, heart attack, stroke, hypertension, gallbladder disease, arthritis in the weight-bearing joints, back problems and some types of cancer.

He says one of the biggest challenges as a medical practitioner is to convince his obese patients to make the lifestyle changes necessary to bring their weight under control. "It's very hard to change a patient's behavior," he said. "My primary goal in treating obese patients is to stabilize their condition so they don't continue to gain weight, and then



Let holiday favorites melt in your mouth but then melt them away. Photo by Chris Corrie.

work with them to gradually lose the weight. It's important for these patients to keep in mind that it took them many years to put the weight on, and it's going to be a very slow process to take it off."

A combination of exercise, diet and behavioral modification are key factors in managing obesity. However, according to Covert Bailey, a nationally renowned fitness expert and author of *Fit or Fat*, the ultimate cure for obesity is exercise.

Before beginning any weight management plan, people should consult their primary care physician for appropriate advice and guidance. Maestas adds that the most effective strategy to combat obesity is preventing it before it occurs. "I often tell my younger patients that if they can make some small sacrifices now by cutting back and exercising more, they will not only avoid a lot of future pain, but will have a much better quality of life down the road."

In addition to maintaining a healthy diet and staying physically active, the following are additional measures that might be helpful in weight control: Keep a daily record of the foods you eat, try to savor

rich foods and eat them slowly, avoid consuming excessive amounts of alcohol, drink six to eight glasses of water a day, join a weight reduction support group, read a book or take a class in preparing low-calorie meals and, most of all, cut yourself some slack. One of the primary keys to good health is practicing moderation. It's all right to reach for a second *bizcochito* now and then, just don't eat the whole plateful. If you do over-indulge, consider taking your walk to Santuario a few months early, or place the rest of Aunt Mary's *tamales* in the freezer to enjoy at a later, slimmer date.

Michele Jaquez-Ortiz, a native of Santa Fe, received a master's degree in Journalism and Public Affairs from American University in Washington, D.C.



Aquí Está Pasando



PB INC. 6TH IN GROWTH

PB Inc, a computer network integration services company is ranked sixth in *Hispanic Business* magazine's 1996 Hispanic Business Fast-Growing 100, which appeared in the July/August 1996 issue.

PB Inc experiences a sales growth of nearly 3,000 percent between 1991 and 1995. "PBI's growth can be attributed to an aggressive marketing effort and the hard work and determination of a dedicated staff," says Chris Pacheco, company vice-president.



Left to right are Brother Francis Vessel, Brother Patrick Quinn and Brother Benedict Westrick.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS ANNIVERSARY

The Christian Brothers college community recently celebrated the golden jubilees of brothers Benedict Westrick, Francis Vessel and Patrick Quinn. The reception of the religious habit was also celebrated for Brother Felix Gilsdorf.

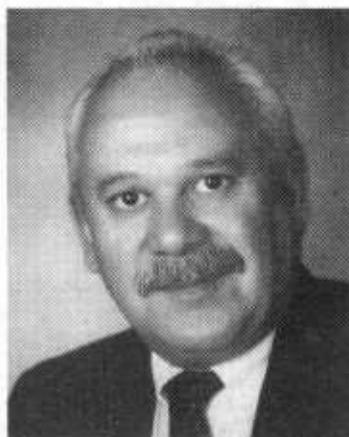
For Roman Catholics, 50 years of perpetual profession is equivalent of a golden wedding anniversary. Westrick, Vessel and Quinn made their commitment to serve God as Christian Brothers in 1946.

MCGEE ANNOUNCES NEW GM

Lupe Martínez, a native of Dexter, N.M., has joined McGee Memorial Chapel Mortuary in Santa Fe, N.M. Martínez has 26 years experience in the funeral service industry.

McGee is also conducting its 10th annual toy drive for Esperanza. New, unwrapped toys are being accepted and will be distributed by Esperanza, a program designed to assist battered families.

Toys can drop off toys at McGee Memorial Chapel at 1320 Luisa Street in Santa Fe from right after the Thanksgiving holiday to December 18.



Lupe Martinez, funeral director of McGee Memorial Chapel. Photo by Carolyn Wright.



Photo by Miguel Gandert.

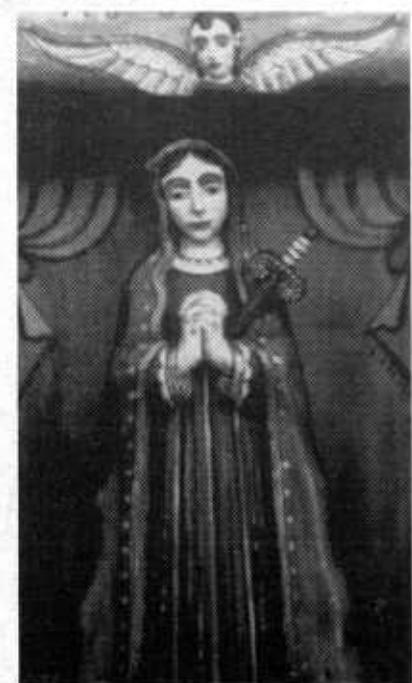


Photo by Oscar Lozoya.

MAXWELL MUSEUM FEATURES CHIMAYO EXHIBIT

The Pilgrimage to Chimayó: A Contemporary Portrait of Living Tradition is now showing at Maxwell Museum of Anthropology on the University of New Mexico campus in Albuquerque.

The exhibit, 36 black and white silver prints of four local professional photogra-



Spanish Market artwork by santero, Victor Goler. Photo by Jack Parsons.

WINTER MARKET IN DECEMBER

The Spanish Colonial Arts Society's annual Winter Spanish Market is scheduled December 7-8 in Santa Fe, N.M.

A holiday tradition for Santa Feans, the Spanish Market is one of the largest exhibitions of Hispanic art in the country.

The event offers the exhibit and sale of handmade objects, artist demonstrations, music, dance and pageantry.

phers and accompanying oral histories, runs through February 16, 1997. The photographers featured include Miguel Gandert, Cary Herz, Sam Howarth and Oscar Lozoya; and two professional oral historians, Dr. Enrique LaMadrid and Troy Fernández.



**ATARQUE:
NOW ALL IS
SILENT**
by Pauline Chávez
Bent, privately
printed, 1993. Pp.
116 + illustrations.
Order copies from
the author at 9582
Hamilton No. 154,
Huntington Beach,
Calif. 92646.

Where, oh where, is Atarque? Believe it or not, I heard of this obscure little place back in the early 1960s. At the time, there were few publications available on Hispanics to the lay person. An anthropologist by the name of Munro Edmonson from Tulane University in New Orleans earlier had written a dissertation on this community. He later published his study in book form. It was a scholarly publication with lots of words like "however," "moreover," and "furthermore." The book was a phenomenon. Few people knew about its existence and even fewer read it, not because it was without merit, but because it was technical, written for theoreticians and smacked of an obscure, esoteric subject.

So, where is Atarque? By the 1960s, this village, nestled somewhere near Fence Lake, west of Ramah and east of Zuñi Pueblo, was already a ghost town. Its full name is El Atarque de los García, and derives its name from the Spanish, "embankment, used to retain irrigation water." It was founded in 1882 by a certain Juan Garcia and other Hispano pioneers and settlers who had migrated there from Cebolla, El Banco de la Cebolla and San Rafael.

Today Atarque is a memory, *una memoria* that refuses to die. Or is it? The famous writer and philosopher Miguel de Unamuno once said that the historical author, Miguel de Saavedra Cervantes, was a myth, a creation of the literary Don Quijote de la Mancha, not the other way around. After racing through this book, perhaps the same can be said of El Atarque de los Garcías. Atarque gave birth to Pauline Chávez Bent, a character that will soon take her place along with other legendary *personas* such as Cleofas Jaramillo (Shadows of the Past) and Fabiola C'deBaca (We Fed them Cactus).

I could never write a book like this. I would never organize a book like *Atarque: Now All is Silent* it blatantly violates chronology; there are no scholarly footnotes. After contacting the author by phone, she assured me that she had neither heard of Edmonson's book nor relied on it. Paradoxically, and in spite of all this, *Atarque* is a great and nostalgic book. La Señora Pauline Chávez Bent writes with passion, deep emotion, a shameless clarity and honesty that convinces the reader that, though now abandoned, Atarque, much as Don Quijote de la Mancha, this depopulated village is alive and well. *Viva la historia, la leyenda de Atarque.*

Libros Nuevos

By G. Benito Córdova

Only 300 copies of this book are printed. The *parientes* and *vecinos* from Atarque now scattered to the four corners of the Earth are sure to grab these copies in a hurry.

OSCAR "ZETA" ACOSTA: THE UNCOLLECTED WORKS,
Edited by Ilan Stavans. Houston: Arte Publico, Press, 1996. Pp.332. \$14.95.

I had never heard of "Zeta" before the publication of his collected works. The setting for his writings are the radical '60s, a time when the Chicano Movement was in its heyday. Zeta was originally from El Paso, Texas. He grew up in a poor Mexican *barrio* and struggled to acculturate into an Anglo world. To that end, he perhaps married a Betty Davis. The marriage was doomed from the start and quickly ended in divorce. In California he earned a law degree and set off to fight for justice and the Chicano way. This pilgrimage was painful, drug-infested; in the end, he found himself embittered, depressed and alone. Fortunate for us, Zeta committed many of his experiences to paper and his writings published posthumously gives the reader an insight into what life was like for a Chicano revolutionary in the turbulent 1960s. Herein is a sample of his psychological struggles as perceived through his published works:

"I decided I didn't want to be either a mathematician or a professional writer after that involvement, but I did finish the novel and submitted it to three publishers, all of whom almost accepted it. They all said that I was great, earthy, poetic, the most brilliant unpublished writer in the world, but I was writing about Chicanos at that time—it was a Romeo and Juliet story of Okies and Chicanos in the valley—and that subject wasn't acceptable."

"In 1968, our first problem was that of identity. As time went on we no longer questioned that. We had chosen a name—Chicano—whether we had Spanish or Indian blood, and we knew that we existed alone. That is, we related to Mexico, but in a nostalgic way. We know that when the going gets rough, the Mexican government ain't going to do shit for us. And we know that no other aspect of the broad Chicano movement is going to do shit for us."

On a trip to Mazatlán, México, Zeta mysteriously disappeared in 1974.



CHRISTMAS IN OLD SANTA FE

by Pedro Ribera-Ortega. 2nd ed. Santa Fe: Sunstone Press, 1991. Pp.107+ index. \$8.95.

Book reviews traditionally critique new books. As a Genízaro, I feel a strong urge and need to ignore this practice. Hereafter, this column will transgress this academic custom. When deemed necessary, I will review vintage books that continue to speak to us today and bring them to the attention of the reader. Some books, like wine, age well. One such book is *Christmas in Old Santa Fe*.

Pedro Ribera-Ortega is, himself, an institution. He is a native of Santa Fe, the last editor of *El Nuevo Mexicano*, a philosopher, a teacher, and above all, a Spanish gentle person, who now claims Truchas as his second home. This past summer, while visiting near Patzcuaro in central Mexico, I ran into a young American, Peter Smith, formerly from Santa Fe. Smith who had been away from the States for many years fondly remembered Pedro as one of his

greatest teachers. This is a compliment shared by many of Pedro's former students and a reputation that is well deserved.

Christmas in Old Santa Fe is more than a book about Christmas. It is a spiritual book which gives the reader insight into the mind of one of New Mexico's great contemporary personalities. A little passage from his book should serve to demonstrate what I mean:

"The story is told that when Santiago, the apostle James the Greater, died and went to heaven, he asked God for a special favor. He asked that Spaniards should always be the handsomest and wittiest people in the world. This request was granted. Then St. James petitioned a second favor of Our Lord and went too far. He asked that Spaniards and Hispanos be granted good government as well, and the Lord, in punishment for such presumption, decreed that the Spaniards and their Mexican and Hispano descendants never have any government at all."

Christmas in Old Santa Fe is a delightful book with a reasonable price and will make a lovely inexpensive Christmas present. Go out and buy a copy for a friend and then suggest that they read the chapter entitled "Farolitos are not Luminarias."



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